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Stephen Nordlinger
THE 'NATIONAL SECURITY' CARTEL

OUR BLUNDERING OIL DIPLOMACY

California's Democratic Council

A PHOENIX FOR 1976

Steve Murdock

Brazil: The Booming Despotism

Richard O'Mara

THE DEPRESSION: MI ... AND DOCUMENTARY **WILLIAM HUGHES**

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LETTERS

the mentioning process

Middletown, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: It is indeed time to name prospects for President. Here are some—Republican: Percy, Mathias, Richardson, Sargent, Hatfield, Case; Democrats: Shriver, Stevenson, Church, Mondale, Rockefeller IV, Inouye. . . .

Tertius Chandler

the lives of HISC

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: *Please!* Don't say "dead" or even about to die about HUAC/HISC, yet. We were delighted with Charles-Gene McDaniel's editorial "An Unheralded Victory," *The Nation* [Mar. 23]. Dr. Jeremiah Stamler, Yolanda Hall and Milton Cohen carried on the most important eight-year battle against HUAC/HISC; no future Congressional inquisitor will ever have it as it was before their courageous campaign began. However, the victory they won was not in any way juxtaposed, as in your editorial, by the happy fact that the Bolling Select Committee on Committees had recommended two weeks earlier that the committee be abolished.

HUAC was *thought* to be dead in 1945, until Mississippi's Rankin succeeded in turning it into a Standing Committee. HUAC was *thought* by some to be dead in 1969, until Missouri's Ichord succeeded in changing its name into the even less onomatopoetic HISC!

Now, *again*, Ichord has succeeded in getting the Bolling Committee seemingly to reverse its unanimous recommendation of early December to abolish HISC and leave legitimate internal security jurisdiction to the House Judiciary—a goal for which we have long fought. On March 7, the Bolling Committee voted 5 to 3 to shift HISC into an expanded Government Operations Committee (which, convenient to Ichord's hopes, has a lame duck chairperson).

So, all hail Stamler-Hall-Cohen, but write Congress to abolish HISC, and consign its files to the Archives.

Frank Wilkinson
National Committee Against Repressive Legislation

Nancy Cunard

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In his review of Wyndham Lewis' *The Roaring Queen* [*The Nation*, Mar. 23], Robert K. Morris uses the word "satire" either as noun or verb or adjective at least eight times. He uses it once too often when he writes that Michael Arlen satirized Nancy Cunard in *The Green Hat*. Mr. Arlen idolized Nancy in that book, and I believe it was her due. I cherish the memory of that beautiful and remarkable woman who was my friend, and I question the accuracy of Mr. Morris' reference to her as "notorious."

Kay Boyle

nonliberal support

Albuquerque, N.M.

DEAR SIRS: As a nonliberal opposed to capital punishment and interested in helping toward a sort of coalition of liberal and nonliberal opinion united against the death penalty in America, I'm convinced that one effective means toward such a coalition is to shout repeatedly from the rooftops that not liberals alone but a growing number of nonliberals as well, share a common outrage against capital punishment. Among these was the late nonliberal philosopher, Jacques Maritain.

"As I see it," wrote Maritain bluntly (in *De L'Eglise du Christ*, 1970), "it is only in the case of legitimate defense or of defensive war that the putting to death of a human being is not a sin of murder and the death penalty is in itself a sin of murder committed by society." *Mike Ortiz*

EDITORIALS

Lapsed Constituencies

Seldom has a politician lost the support of recently acquired special constituencies at the rate and in the volume that elements of "The New Majority" have deserted President Nixon. Most of the Democrats who voted for him in 1972 have defected. He has suffered a significant decline of Catholic support, down to 18 per cent, and many Jewish voters who supported his second-term bid are now disaffected. The minority following he had among intellectuals has long since been forfeited. The hard-hat brigade has largely deserted. At a recent conference of the Building and Construction Trades department of AFL-CIO, delegates cheered George Meany's savage attacks on the President. Neither the President nor his hard-hat Secretary of Labor received an invitation to this year's session. Of a sample of New York advertising executives who supported Nixon over McGovern by a ratio of 71 to 29, 68.6 per cent now feel he should be impeached (*Advertising Age*, April 8).

The *Penny Press* of Peoria recently polled its readers and of the more than 1,500 who responded, only 12 per cent described themselves as Democrats, but 51 per cent felt that Nixon should be impeached. In a section of Orange County, Calif., a poll has revealed that 37 per cent feel he should be impeached and an additional 13 per cent want him to resign. The area in question is the newly redrawn 39th C.D., which embraces the towns of Fullerton, Anaheim, Orange, La Habra, Brea, Yorba Linda and parts of Santa Ana. This portion of the country has harbored a sizable and active John Birch Society element and is described in the *Los Angeles Times* as one of "the most conservative districts in the country." But many conservatives of the ideological variety have now turned against the President; indeed these so-called "new conservatives" are more seriously disaffected than the traditional type. Not long ago Robert Welch of the John Birch Society, speaking in San Francisco, delivered a blistering attack against Nixon.

The rapid erosion of the President's support—particularly of the special constituencies he was able to recruit in 1972—has left him with a hard core of perhaps 25 per cent of the electorate. This support—largely Protestant, small town, conservative—the President has always had and it is probably irreducible, although returns from the special election in Michigan's 8th C.D. which the Democrats have carried for the first time since 1932 would indicate that Nixon's hold on even this hard-core constituency is slipping. But 25 or 29 per cent of the electorate does not translate into precisely the same percentage in the Senate. The House, it would now appear, is likely to approve a resolution calling for impeachment. But suppose the Senate, which will test the charges, votes 66 "yes" and 34 "no"—one vote short of the required two-thirds? In that event, the President might refuse to resign; indeed that would be predictable behavior for him. The nation would then face the hideous prospect of nearly three more years of Nixon with both houses of Congress firmly controlled by the Democrats, the President holding the support of not more than one

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voter in four, the economy in a shambles, foreign relations unsettled in every major theatre, and the bicentennial celebrations high on the agenda.

It is not a pleasant prospect, but the risk is unavoidable. Failure to press impeachment charges, regardless of the outcome, involves much greater risks. But the specter of thirty-four holdouts points to the necessity of keeping a sharp eye on the President's efforts to shore up conservative votes in the Senate, with particular attention given to the way he is seeking to curry favor with conservative Southern Democrats.

Footnotes to the Hiss Case

Justice William O. Douglas in the recently published first volume of his autobiography, *Go East, Young Man* (Random House), provides a significant footnote to the Hiss case. When a petition for certiorari was filed with the Supreme Court, asking it to review the conviction, Justices Stanley Reed and Felix Frankfurter disqualified themselves, since both had testified as character witnesses for Hiss at the first trial. So too did Justice Tom Clark, who had had some connection with the case when he was in the Department of Justice. That left six Justices, a bare quorum, for by statute fewer than six may not act as a Court. Normally it takes four out of nine to grant a petition for certiorari, but if only seven are qualified to sit, the votes of three are enough to grant a petition. Certainly three would be enough if only six Justices were qualified.

Referring to a copy of the docket he kept when the Hiss case was voted down in March 1951, Justice Douglas notes that only he and Justice Black of the six-man Court voted to grant the writ. Obviously if Reed and Frankfurter had not disqualified themselves, the writ would have been granted. Worth noting—although it is a point not made by Justice Douglas—is the fact that three of the four votes against granting the writ were cast by appointees of President Harry S. Truman, namely, Justices Minton, Burton and Chief Justice Vinson. But more important is Justice Douglas' comment that "no Court at any time could possibly have sustained the conviction."

A special federal rule, redefined in 1945 in a unanimous decision written for the Court by Justice Black (*Weiler* v. *United States*) requires more than the testimony of a single witness to sustain a perjury charge. The Hiss case, as Douglas notes, dramatically illustrates the reason for the rule, namely, the need to protect honest witnesses from "hasty and spiteful retaliation in the form of unfounded perjury prosecutions." Whittaker Chambers, the chief witness against Hiss, was an ex-Communist. "All such characters," Justice Douglas notes, "in the 1940s and 1950s had the halo of those who had 'come to Jesus.' They easily 'fingered' prominent people or people like Hiss who had been close to public figures such as FDR. Their word was almost sacrosanct, though as the cases developed, it appeared that many were notorious liars." Under the *Weiler* decision, corroborated evidence had to supply "independent proof of facts inconsistent with the innocence of the accused." Probably the most damaging evidence against Hiss was

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the fact that some of the documents had been typed on a machine once owned by Hiss and/or his wife. But there was no evidence that Hiss or Mrs. Hiss did the typing. "The typing," as Justice Douglas points out, "might have been done by Chambers or by any stooge of Chambers. It was not even certain that at the relevant times the old typewriter was even owned by Hiss or was under his control. Certain it is that the inference that Hiss was 'framed' was strong." This inference has always been strong, but it has now been powerfully reinforced by what Justice Douglas has had to say in retrospect.

As a footnote to this footnote, it should be mentioned that Judge Sirica's opinion ordering the grand jury report and documents delivered to the House Judiciary Committee cites decisions which indicate that, if a proper forum could be established, it might be possible to obtain release of the testimony of Richard M. Nixon before the grand jury that indicted Hiss. That is to say, if a court action or perhaps a legislative inquiry seeking to determine whether Hiss had been framed could be set in motion, then it might be possible to obtain Nixon's testimony. This testimony could be quite important. It is known that the grand jury was reluctant to indict and that Nixon made a dramatic appearance before it at the last moment. By inference, his testimony tipped the scales against Hiss. It would be important, relevant and most interesting to read, after the lapse of a quarter century during which "anti-Communist" fervors have noticeably cooled, just what he said to the grand jury.

Styles of Repression

Brazil used one, Chile another. Brazil did not have a revolution to counter: there was only the moderately Left-leaning Goulart regime, but in the view of the military regime described in ten-year perspective by Richard O'Mara in this issue (p. 518), that called for repression. On April 10, 1964, eleven days after the junta seized power, the important opposition leaders were told to make themselves scarce. Politically they became nonpersons—banned for ten years from all political activity.

The original list of the ostracized key figures numbered 102, headed by Goulart himself; eventually the roster exceeded 1,000. They were labeled *cassados*—Portuguese for "annulled ones"—and it was an apt term. A *cassado* could not hold or run for public office, he could not vote, could not belong to a political party. If he made a public statement about government or politics he went to jail. In short, he was leashed and muzzled. Many of the *cassados* left the country; most of those who stayed disappeared into obscure jobs.

Ten years out of the life of a politician is almost like ten years out of the life of a ballplayer or prizefighter. One of the more fortunate ones, Juscelino Kubitschek (President, 1956-61), did well as an investment banker in Rio. His term as a political celibate is up this June, but he will probably not try to re-enter politics. The junta has announced that any "ex-*cassado*" can be banished anew from politics whenever the government deems it advisable.

In Brazil there was not the usual resort to the firing squad. In Chile the slaughter was on a mass scale. During President Salvadore Allende's tenure, a Princeton history professor, Peter E. Winn, went to Chile to study the cotton textile industry under a Marxist regime. He remained for five months after the coup and was then warned to leave the country. He was interviewed by a reporter for the *Daily Princetonian.*

The terror, Winn says, was "unbelievably brutal." In the first few weeks of the junta's control he estimates that 20,000 men, women and children were murdered by the military. This is a median figure. The junta admits to 3,500 deaths, the Chilean Left claims 40,000, the former Swedish Ambassador in Santiago estimates between 10,000 and 15,000, which checks pretty well with the CIA's figure of 10,800 by the beginning of September, about three months after the coup. The executions are continuing.

In Winn's view the junta faces a dilemma. They have killed far too many people for the survivors ever to forgive them, but they have not killed enough to crush all future opposition. "The only thing they have done," Winn says, "is to drive social consciousness underground."

At this writing, sixty Chilean Air Force officers and several officials of the Allende government are being tried, and the prosecution is asking the death penalty for six of the defendants. Martin Garbus, a New York lawyer, and Ira M. Lowe, a Washington lawyer, have flown to Santiago as representatives of the Lawyers Committee on Chile, to try to insure a fair trial. Professor Winn has been active in the Chilean Emergency Committee, a group that tries to find places for Chilean university refugees, both students and faculty. But to the press of the United States, the lives of dissidents in Chile—even though 10,000 or more have been brutally murdered—is of less importance than the well-being of one prominent Soviet writer.

Kidnapping the Media

An odd but revealing incident occurred recently at the ABC radio news headquarters in New York. A man phoned the network from Wooster, Ohio, to say that he and two other persons were holding a hostage until they had been given a specified amount of radio time to air certain grievances.

There was no attempt at cover-up; the caller gave an address and telephone number which turned out to be bona fide. The man (a black) gave his name as Larry Napoleon Cooper. His colleagues, or accomplices, were white women, Gwendolyn McCutcheon and Carol Holmes, said to be Wooster College students or dropouts.

ABC's first move was to round up three experts who agreed to talk to the Wooster group about their complaints. These were Robert McKay, dean of the New York University Law School; Joan Billick of Queens County Neuropsychiatric Institute, and Robert Kavesh, chairman of the Department of Economics at NYU's Graduate School of Business Administration.

They phoned the group and talked mostly with the man. His grievances, somewhat vague, were for the most part economic, but there was no demand for "free food for the poor," or anything patterned on the California case involving Miss Hearst—except that a hostage was

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being used for leverage. It turned out that Cooper had been arrested for activities stemming from civil rights causes, and had some complaints against law-enforcement officials. All the conversations were monitored by both the Wooster and New York City police, and the former staked out the residence.

The three in Wooster refused to give any information about their hostage, or to toss out a driver's license or other identification. The conversations had an air of "guerrilla theatre," mention being made of suicide after the mission had been accomplished. ABC agreed to give them time on the air, once the hostage had been released. Finally, the Wooster group said they would release the hostage when they saw TV cameras outside. Apparently they felt they might be mistreated and wanted the cameras on hand to record whatever happened.

After some fourteen hours of back and forth, when the cameras were in place and the crews ready, the three walked out. There was no hostage! There never had been one. In the absence of *quid pro quo*, ABC did not feel obligated to provide air time.

The follow-up to the incident is that, as reported by UPI from Cleveland, a federal grand jury indicted the three Wooster culprits for attempting to extort something of value, namely, air time, with a nonexistent hostage as the means. Bail was set at $100,000 apiece.

What is the lesson? Some time back *The Nation* ran a couple of articles by Desmond Smith, who heads the English language section of CBC in Montreal. One piece dealt with media *coups d'état,* another, more recent, with "scenario reality." Both were concerned with how the news agencies, print and broadcast, can be manipulated by, as a special instance, terrorist groups. Randolph Hearst has complained, with understandable bitterness, that the Symbionese Liberation Army has had the media jumping through hoops. The relatively harmless Wooster incident supplements Smith's discussion.

Obviously the media have a problem. To what extent should they permit themselves to be manipulated when a life is, or may be, at stake? To what extent should they yield to blackmail, vicarious or direct, and what is the consequence of their cooperation in terms of writing more scenarios and stimulating more blackmail?

More is involved than response to opportunistic crime. Thousands of people feel that they are locked in, that they cannot communicate, that what they view passively in the media does not represent what they feel and experience. As an outstanding example, there was the shock wave in the wake of the Hearst kidnapping when it became known that in the wealthy state of California as many as 4 million people were on some form of relief.

The press, printed and electronic, is not reporting, or reports inadequately, unpleasant realities like mass poverty, the pressure of inflation on the poor, the plight of the indigent aged, the housing squeeze, and so on. Alongside the passive votaries of the tube are many who want desperately to express themselves, to air their grievances. Perhaps cable TV is the answer, or part of it, but that industry is not flourishing, and it will be a long time before it is available on a mass scale. And even then, will it be available to those who need it most?

There are also, to be sure, thousands of certifiable nuts with an itch to broadcast. There must be a certain amount of screening. But there is screening now, and it is failing to provide for the expression of real, sane grievances. The inevitable result is a growing frustration, of which criminality of the SLA type, or the ridiculous Wooster incident, are glaring symptoms.

BOGUS PENSION REFORM

MERTON C. BERNSTEIN

Congress is on the verge of enacting a pension "reform" bill that reforms very little. Last September the Senate passed its version of the bill, 93 to 0, and one can imagine how innocuous such a measure must be to command unanimity. At the end of February the House passed H.R. 2—a mammoth measure full of tax and pension jargon, signifying nothing. This is Congress' answer to widespread public concern that the vast majority of pension participants will not achieve benefits because in our highly mobile economy they cannot meet eligibility and vesting provisions; that funds are inadequate to pay benefits that do vest; that plan administrators enter into financial dealings with the company officials who appointed them, imperiling pension plan assets. [See Bernstein: "The Pension Mirage," *The Nation*, June 15, 1964.]

At the heart of the problem is vesting, which is the principle that a worker has a valid claim to funds that have been credited to him in the pension account over the years, and that the money should come to him when he reaches retirement age, whether or not he remains a member of the pension plan until that age, or has by then acquired the length of employment required by the terms of the plan.

Every year millions of employees change and lose jobs. They also lose the value of pension credits unless their plan provides that such credits "vest." Roughly one-fifth to one-quarter of all plan participants have no vesting rights at all, and where they are granted, they usually require ten or fifteen years of unbroken service with one company or one multi-employer plan. As a Senate Labor subcommittee found, 92 per cent of employees who separated from plans requiring fifteen years for vesting, and 73 per cent of those separated from plans requiring ten years, had nothing to show for their pension participation.

Pension "reform" should rectify that dismal showing,

Merton Bernstein, professor of law at Ohio State University, wrote the prize-winning The Future of Private Pensions *(Free Press; Macmillan), and has been a consultant on pension policy problems to the U.S. Treasury, Departments of H.E.W. and Labor, the National Science Foundation and the Twentieth Century Fund. He does not purport to speak for any of these institutions.*

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but the Senate-passed bill is weak and the House-passed bill weaker yet. Under the Senate bill an employee separated after five years of credited service would vest to the extent of 25 per cent of a regular retirement benefit; for each additional year, vesting would improve by 5 per cent until it reached 50 per cent after ten years. Under typical blue-collar plans, according to a recent survey, a retirement benefit would be between $4 to $6 a month per year of service. So, a typical blue-collar plan paying $5 a month for each credited year of work would provide after five years a benefit of $6.25 a month (five years x $5 x 25 per cent) or $75 a year—a paltry amount. White-collar plans tend to be figured on a percentage of final or high average salary—typically 1 per cent or 2 per cent times the years of service. So, a person separated after five years at a $10,000 job would earn a vested credit (five years x 1.5 per cent x $10,000 x 25 per cent) or $187.50 a year—another mite.

These are not extreme examples. The Senate made the amounts involved deliberately small, so as to cushion the introduction of mandatory vesting. But, as if that cushion were not enough, the mandatory standards would not take effect before 1976 for any plan. For collectively bargained plans, the effective date is the expiration date of a pre-enactment pension agreement, or 1981. Meanwhile, millions of employees will be separated from pension-covered jobs.

The House bill embodies *all* of these delays but incorporates additional weaknesses of its own. Instead of one vesting formula, it permits a choice of three approved formulas—the Senate version, straight ten-year vesting, or the rule of 45, under which 50 per cent vesting occurs when age and credited years of service total 45 and grows by 10 per cent a year to 100 per cent at the combined age-service total of 50.

A company is free to pick the least expensive and least protective formula. By using the rule of 45 and deliberately maintaining a young work force, vesting could be defeated at the additional cost of job opportunities for older workers.

Beyond that, the House bill imposes vesting in phases, so that in the first year when vesting must be established, only 50 per cent of the formula need apply, with 10 per cent added each subsequent year. That is, the $6.25 monthly and $187.50 yearly benefits described above could be cut in half in 1976, or as late as 1981. And as if that were not enough, multi-employer plans could seek delays beyond the described effective dates, no specific time limit being indicated.

Organized employers and organized labor, which got the country's workers into the pension mess, have dominated the legislative process in the absence of organized pro-reform interest groups. The media, which had helped alert the public to pension failures, have utterly failed to report on pension legislative developments, let alone do so critically.

The House and Senate versions should go to conference some time this month. Only a public outcry can prevent the enactment of legislation as misleading as the plans they purport to reform.

BRAZIL: THE BOOMING DESPOTISM

RICHARD O'MARA

Rio de Janeiro

From the beginning, ten years ago, the group of military men who seized total power in Brazil were different from the politically ambitious soldiers in other countries of Latin America, and different from those who had dabbled before in Brazilian politics. For one thing, they were smarter—perhaps "prepared" is a better word. Since 1949 the Superior War School (ESG) located in Urca, a residential neighborhood in the shadow of Rio's Sugarloaf Mountain, had been instructing Brazilian officers in the techniques of regional planning, infrastructure building and theories of economic development.

The reverence for technical competence so characteristic of modern Brazil goes back to the 19th century and the country's embrace of Auguste Comte's Positivist philosophy. Brazil's experience in World War II, the example of the technically efficient American military, is said to have restimulated the old desire to create a society based on order, and run by technocrats. Thus, after the bloodless *coup d'état* of March 31, 1964, and the removal of President João "Jango" Goulart, Marshal Humberto Castelo Branco—who had served in Europe during the war—and his colleagues knew exactly what they wanted to do in Brazil. They set about doing it.

But the Brazilian Government in yet another way was and continues to be different from other pretorian regimes in this part of the world. It is non-personalist. Presidents of Brazil since 1964, all generals, have been alike in that they have eschewed personal display and flamboyance. Gen. Ernesto Geisel, 65, inaugurated in mid-March of this year amid the sterile splendor of modern Brasilia, the country's hinterland capital, continues the line. In Brasilia there is no demagoguery, only quiet competence backed up by unchallengeable force.

This absence of personal magnetism in all the Brazilian chiefs of state since 1964 is no coincidence. Principal among the fears harbored by the small collectivity which makes decisions in Brazil is that a Juan Perón will emerge from the officer corps, a charismatic type who, before anyone realizes, will have gathered a powerful constituency and with it the sort of individual power no one has exercised in Brazil in the past decade. The military's distaste for personalist leaders probably stems also from the state of affairs in Brazil before they took over. For years, from Getúlio Vargas, to Juscelino Kubitschek, to João

Richard O'Mara is the Latin American correspondent for the Baltimore Sun.

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Goulart, Brazil was run by one spellbinder after another. Absence of glamour was another way by which the new leaders of Brazil set themselves apart from the old.

Brazil's influence has been extended vastly under the successive rule of the four generals (Castelo Branco, Artur da Costa e Silva, Emílio Garrastazu Médici, Geisel). A new image of the country has been projected before the world, that of a growing economic power, an apparently unstoppable regional giant.

That Brazil is moving through Latin America as never before is obvious. It is buying natural gas from and exporting a steel mill to Bolivia. It is planning the largest hydroelectric project in the world at Itaipu, in Paraguay. It has extended a credit of $50 million to the junta in Chile. Brazil and Colombia are jointly searching for and exploiting coal in the latter country. Brazil is interested in Ecuador's oil, and is trying aggressively to penetrate the Andean Pact nations with its manufactures.

All these ventures are a direct result of the economic boom that has been occurring in recent years in Brazil. The story of that boom is well known. Annual growth rates since 1968 have averaged above 10 per cent, the highest of any major country in the world. Capital from the United States, Europe and Japan is pouring in. Profits are high; jobs are plentiful. And Brazil's growth has been broad-based, with significant investment in such infrastructure areas as roads and heavy industry.

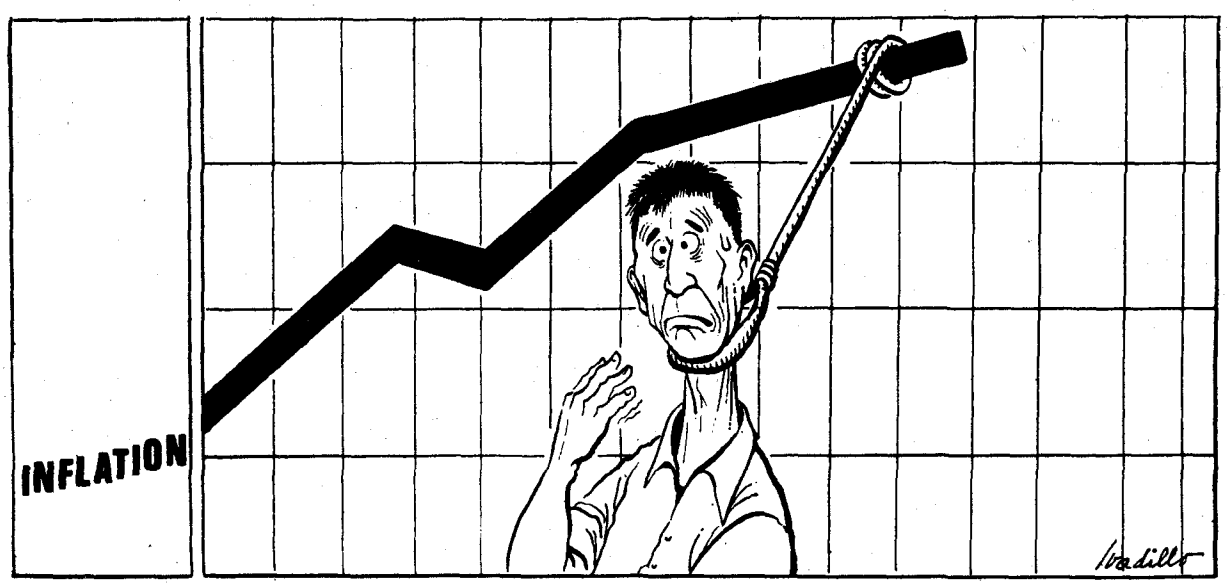
In the decade 1963-72, for instance, the number of miles of paved highways increased by 153 per cent. Steel production grew by 132 per cent, cement output by 161 per cent. The automobile industry expanded by 248 per cent, while the country's electrical energy capacity more than doubled. Most important, perhaps, Brazil's exports grew by 183 per cent from 1963 to 1972. Last year was the biggest ever, with earnings of $6.2 billion, about a third of which was from exported manufactured items. The export drive indicates Brazil's thrust outward, and reflects to a certain degree its leaders' desire to cast a long shadow in the world.

The image of big, booming Brazil has, of course, a darker side, a side that the investment bankers, Chamber of Commerce boosters, Nixon Administration policy makers and others interested in maintaining the Brazilian *status quo* prefer to ignore. Thousands of Americans, Europeans and Latin Americans see Brazil as the land of sadism. Much has occurred to give substance to this image: corroborated testimony from victims of the torturers, refugees from the "parrot's perch," the electric shock implements. There have been many witnesses to, and victims of, degrading violence in dark police dungeons.

Brazilians today have few rights. They enjoy no institutional protections from arrest. They cannot choose their leaders. Workers dare not strike. Journalists criticize only indirectly. The press, both print and broadcast, is censored. Nor has the economic boom been a shared experience. The concentration of the wealth in Brazil has been one of the most depressing side effects of the Brazilian economic "miracle." Between 1960 and 1970, according to Mario Henrique Simonsen, Brazil's new finance minister, "real income per capita increased by 34 per cent." In percentage terms, however, the portion of the national income going to the poor has been decreasing. Simonsen writes: "In 1960 the poorest 40 per cent [of the population earned] 11.2 per cent of the total income and in 1970, hardly 9 per cent."

The increasing concentration of wealth in Brazil has been considered a disagreeable but necessary side effect of the government's policy of pursuing the fastest possible road to development. Until just recently the working masses—intimidated by years of police repression—have been reluctant to protest. Their lot was improving, after all, if at a pace slower than that of the middle class. But the cost of living has accelerated alarmingly and is outstripping the slow rate of wage improvement. The buying power of Brazil's workers is now actually diminishing. The highest minimum salary in Brazil is just under $60 a month, the lowest around $35. About 50 per cent of the wage earners make the minimum salary.

Sixty dollars buys precious little in Rio or São Paulo, and $35 buys even less in the northeast of Brazil, which,



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

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though poorer than the south, is more expensive. And these wages will no doubt buy even less in the future. Inflation, estimated unofficially at around 20 per cent last year, is projected as high as 30 per cent for 1974. The needs of the people of Brazil have become evident and critical. Brazil is a poor country. Despite the boom, it still has one of the lowest per capita incomes in South America, a continent not celebrated for affluence.

Malnutrition is common. A recent report, put out by the Protection and Research Foundation of São Paulo, disclosed that the protein intake of Brazilians was as low as that of Indians and Pakistanis—around 15 grams a day per person, as compared to 50 in the developed countries.

Brazilians are afflicted by an almost medieval array of diseases. Tuberculosis is common, and the government is still struggling against leprosy. In the northeast an estimated 90 per cent of the population suffers from schistosomiasis, and another parasitic infestation of the bloodstream, Chagas disease, is common there.

Around 30 per cent of the Brazilian population is still illiterate, though the government has tried to remedy this situation through its adult education program, MOBRAL, and by increasing the percentage of investment in education. In real terms, however, the expenditures are not great. Also, investment in housing, regional development and health care is unimpressive.

It is apparent that the revolutionary process begun in Brazil in 1964 has reached a critical juncture. General Geisel faces the choice of continuing to push full tilt to maintain the 10 per cent a year development rate, or to start meeting some of the human needs of Brazilians. Brazil is not rich enough to do both. In the weeks preceding and after his inauguration, a definitely positive attitude has developed. Expectation is rife that the new President will change the course of the Brazilian revolution, humanize it to some extent.

These expectations continue despite Mr. Simonsen's avowal that the growth rate would be maintained, and despite the fact that Brazilians have had their hopes raised and dashed in the past. President Médici, who left the Presidency in March, promised to redemocratize Brazil but never delivered. However, President Geisel has taken some concrete action. Shortly after assuming office, he elevated the Instituto Nacional da Previdencia Social, the state social security apparatus, to a full ministry. Nearly all Brazil's health and welfare programs are in this ministry, and the shift was seen as much more than bureaucratic shuffling.

Also since the inauguration there has been much more political commentary in the press than had previously been allowed. The President has announced he will no longer issue decree laws, but will submit government programs to the congress for debate. This procedure would raise the status of civilian politicians, now abysmally low.

The President publicly promised "sincere efforts for the gradual but secure perfecting of democracy." He has made an attempt to achieve a reconciliation with the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. Finally, General Geisel's new war minister, Gen. Vicente de Paulo Dale Coutinho, has promised an army "with a firmer democratic vocation."

It is at least apparent that General Geisel wants to shift the emphasis of the Brazilian revolution; it remains to be seen whether he can do it. Though the President is the country's single most powerful person, his power is not absolute. Within the military ruling elite there are some who are little moved by humanitarian considerations. These people are motivated by primitive anti-liberalism (which expresses itself in hysterical anti-communism), and by the desire to build Brazil into a great world power—not a medium power, such as England or France but a superpower. They will interpret any letup in the development drive as thwarting their aims, and they will resist.

These people, allied with the more rapacious capitalists of São Paulo, who believe that their interest lies in keeping the economy hot and growing, are a serious obstacle to change. General Geisel, if he wants to liberalize Brazil's political life and treat some of the enduring social ills, will have to check them.

One long-time observer of life and politics in Brazil declared recently that the contest had already been joined. "General Dale's speech," he said, "was aimed at the hard-liners. That was his way of telling them a change was coming." He drew his finger across the table, tracing an imaginary line, north to south, across an imaginary map, and said," Now Brasilia must subdue São Paulo." □

CALIFORNIA'S DEMOCRATIC COUNCIL

A PHOENIX FOR 1976

STEVE MURDOCK

San Francisco

For a score of years now, almost every political writer in the state of California has in one form or another been predicting the death of an organization called the California Democratic Council. (*The Nation* also participated: see "California's Club Movement: The Palsy of the CDC" by Francis Carney; May 4, 1970.) But despite their unanimity, the obituary writers remain confounded: there still *is* a CDC. It's a little thin and emaciated, a bit shaky in the knees, but it's still there, and the favorite word of its old troopers is "revitalization."

The California Democratic Council is a coalition of

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volunteer Democratic Party clubs, organized within political districts, that was formed in the wake of Adlai Stevenson's defeat in 1952 on the relatively simple premise that, since there were more Democrats than Republicans in California, why the hell couldn't they organize themselves in such a way as to carry the state? Even CDC's most contemptuous critics must admit that the idea worked—for a while. After a false start in 1954—when the Democrats won almost nothing—the party came in like a storm in 1958 to capture the governorship and almost every other office in sight. In the 1960 Presidential election the California Democrats were a little boxed in, because their liberal hearts still beat for Stevenson, and John F. Kennedy never quite made it with the decisive majority of them. But in 1962 they rallied with their old vigor and brought Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown to re-election over Richard M. Nixon, who exited raving at the press.

After that, instead of being heralded as heroes, CDC members found themselves snubbed by President Johnson, hounded by Governor Brown and divided by internal Democratic Party struggles (McCarthy-Kennedy). In the twenty-one years of its existence CDC has been called everything from the most effective volunteer political organization the nation has ever known to an overrated conglomeration of liberals with a dedication to issues that amounted to a political death wish. But it does have some proud battle stars, including a claim, far too frequently ignored by Eastern political observers, that it was a major—perhaps even a decisive—force in the dump Johnson movement. Some argue that CDC members thought it up.

I attended every CDC convention from the first endorsing assemblage in Fresno in 1954 through the 1969 convention in San Jose. In addition, I was at a majority of CDC's quarterly executive board meetings from 1962 through 1969. Then work took me elsewhere, and it was with a certain nostalgic interest that I came back this year to the endorsing convention in Sacramento.

Having noted the many assertions that CDC was dead as a political force in California, I wanted to see for myself. Some of those at Sacramento earlier this year wanted to call the convention a resurrection. It wasn't quite that; but neither was it a wake. As an endorsing convention, however, it was a study in futility, since none of the various Democratic candidates for governor could attract the necessary 60 per cent of the vote. Rep. Jerome Waldie, who tried the hardest to get a CDC endorsement, obtained 48 per cent; Assembly Speaker Bob Moretti, who tried the hardest to stop Waldie, received 30 per cent. Secretary of State Jerry Brown (son of the former Governor) who has the credentials to be a CDC favorite but started too late to try for the vote, received 17 per cent.

Mayor Joseph Alioto of San Francisco, whose image hardly fits CDC specifications, received only sixty-nine votes from the 1,032 delegates, and thus trailed William Matson Roth, a scholarly and sincere San Francisco businessman, who received 102. Alioto came to the convention with his wife, Angelina, and proclaimed that her celebrated disappearance tour of the California missions had been a call to the cause of women's rights. He failed to impress the delegates with his recent conversion to that cause.

CDC, although it has never trumpeted the fact, is a case history of woman power. Long before women's liberation became a national movement, women were helping to shape the thrust and direction of CDC and doing much of the organizational work that produced the results on election day. The reasons were simple: the women had spare ability to burn, and the organization had enough sense to welcome them.

One of the few candidates whom this year's convention did endorse was Sen. Alan Cranston, up for re-election. Cranston was one of CDC's founders and its first president. Having from time to time checked CDC's feisty inclination to tilt at issues, Cranston was one of the speakers at the convention who sought to stake out the organization's place in political history. He said CDC "changed the political face of California, toppled the Republicans from power and brought passion and concern to Sacramento." Now, he said, the organization is being "challenged to prove anew that we can once again move mountains, perform miracles." He gave the delegates the challenge of helping to end "the desperate, dark, demeaning era of Richard Nixon."

At one time CDC claimed 70,000 members, but the top figure was probably nearer 55,000 (in 1962) and by 1965 it had slipped to perhaps 35,000 or 40,000. The 1,032 delegates who came to Sacramento this year represented no more than 15,000 club members and, as always, they are distributed unevenly over the state. The CDC has a long way to go to regain its former stature.

The political scholars are now beginning to nibble at the CDC story. One doctorate has already been written, and at least one more is in preparation; books are projected. The fact that this movement which refuses to die has made a lasting impression on the structure of politics in the United States is beginning to be recognized.

The relatively few veterans of CDC's entire existence who sat around the breakfast tables, the cocktail bars and the hospitality rooms of assorted candidates in Sacramento agreed on several premises:

¶CDC's problems began the moment it achieved its first great success—the Democratic sweep in the 1958 state election. The organization had been created, in part, to overcome the Republican advantage that went with the unique California institution of cross-filing. Cross-filing, originally a Republican reform measure, enabled GOP candidates to wrap up elections in the primary by taking both major party nominations from traditionally less-disciplined Democrats. CDC introduced a rank-and-file form of discipline, and the Democrats, once in power, promptly repealed the cross-filing law. Discipline just as promptly began to erode.

¶While CDC was able to continue its momentum through the 1962 campaign (when Brown beat Nixon), the seeds of disintegration were already sprouting above the political soil. There were a number of reasons. The more dedicated, issues-oriented liberals (still unhappy over the Kennedy campaign of 1960) now resented what they felt was the manipulative, taken-for-granted attitude of the very people whom CDC had helped elect to of-

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fice. Also, CDC had itself become more issues-oriented and was taking stands that the pragmatic politicians were coming increasingly to regard as damaging.

¶The pressure of issues became an increasingly divisive force within CDC, the war in Vietnam being the prime example. One delegate to the Sacramento convention this year, seeking to pinpoint some basic changes in the organization, asked, "When did CDC first come out against the war in Vietnam?" The answer in terms of a specific stand is 1965, but many earlier actions had stamped CDC with an anti-war label. In addition, CDC during the 1960s was frequently labeled "Pro-Red China," which translates into being in favor of the present Nixon policy of friendly relations with the People's Republic. CDC has tended to be ahead of its time.

¶Other avenues of protest have siphoned off some of CDC's most effective activists. Protest organizations have proliferated in recent years. In addition to the vocal New Left groups and the coalitions involved in protecting the environment, organizations like Common Cause offer more to issues-oriented CDCers than does the mundane business of endorsing and electing candidates. The New Left groups were also able not only to divert some newly qualified voters into other party movements (such as the Peace and Freedom Party in California) but to attract older, disillusioned elements.

All of these forces produced a series of crises within CDC and sapped its strength. Leaving aside for the moment the straight power struggles—as, for example, when Assembly Speaker Jess Unruh made an unsuccessful run for CDC control in 1963—the impact of issues on CDC was relentless. It is a wonder of political commitment that even the shadow of an organization remains.

After the 1964 national elections Tom Carvey, a Hughes Aeronautical engineer who had been a skillful centrist CDC president since 1961, chose not to run again, and there was much maneuvering for the presidency as the 1965 convention drew near. It is one of the ironies of politics that the man the Democratic establishment selected to succeed Carvey turned out to be the greatest embarrassment to the establishment—and another source of CDC troubles.

Governor Brown, at the apparent urging of Cranston (then state controller), backed for CDC president a relatively unknown (at least to CDCers) newspaper publisher from El Cajon named Simon Casady. Casady, a handsome, agreeable man, was not a CDC activist in the sense that previous presidents Cranston, Tom Wyatt and Carvey had been. They had understood the diverse organization; Casady did not.

Casady was elected, and the question of his administrative competence to lead the organization might never have become an issue save for the war in Vietnam. While the Sacramento convention was in session in the early spring of 1965, President Johnson was escalating the war, and the convention was adopting a strong anti-war resolution. Casady, it turned out, was more vigorously anti-war than any of his original backers had imagined. As spring turned into summer he was flying his own plane around the state, talking to Democratic Party clubs and denouncing the administration's intensification of the war. This became a matter of concern not only to the Brown administration in Sacramento but to the Johnson administration in Washington. No one has been able to prove so far that what happened subsequently came on orders from the White House, but Earl Behrens of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the dean of California political writers, attributed the decision to Mr. Johnson.

In any event, Brown called publicly on Casady to resign and thereby triggered an internal struggle that could easily have wrecked a far stronger political organization. From the early fall of 1965 until the spring of 1966, CDC was a battleground for the pro- and anti-Casady forces. The fight put a gigantic wedge between the pragmatists, who saw the election of candidates who met CDC standards (or came close) as the prime purpose of the organization, and those who felt the organization's commitment to issues went further—even to the point of opposing the policies of a Democratic President of the United States. The anti-Casady forces won a narrow victory in Bakersfield in the spring of 1966, and Casady—who had promised before the convention that he would quit if he didn't get a vote of confidence—surrendered the presidency.

Lesser political organizations would have disintegrated at this point, but CDC showed the perseverance of crab grass. In fact, in the view of some, its most decisive moment was now to come. Perhaps some day a student of political strategy, one who does not accept out of hand the theory that New Yorker Allard Lowenstein singlehandedly conceived and executed the political demise of Lyndon Baines Johnson, will take a look at what happened in California. A good case can be made that the dump Johnson movement, if it did not originate in California, at least reached its greatest point of tangible political force at the CDC convention in Fresno in the spring of 1967. Certainly Eugene McCarthy has stated that much of the thrust that led to his candidacy came from that convention. In the midst of his California primary contest with Robert Kennedy in May of 1968, McCarthy stood before a luncheon of Democrats in the same Fresno complex where the CDC convention had been held and said the whole thing had begun there.

The McCarthy-Kennedy primary brought CDC to its next crisis—as if it needed another. In the wake of the McCarthy triumph in New Hampshire, and just as CDC delegates were assembling triumphantly in Anaheim for their 1968 convention, Kennedy announced his candidacy. CDC veterans still in the organization say they felt dismayed and betrayed. Kennedy's entry brought thronging to the corridors of the convention many people who had left CDC during the Casady crisis. They had objected, among other things, to Casady's admitted administrative shortcomings. Others left because, as one observer put it, Casady had "messed up their sandbox." Now suddenly they were back as Kennedy supporters. Even Lowenstein, weary-eyed from long hours of top-level discussions with Kennedy strategists back East, flew to Anaheim on Sunday to attempt to convince these temporary inhabitants of Disneyland that, having played a key role in getting Johnson out of the race, they should switch from McCarthy to Kennedy. The remaining regiments of CDC weren't about to do that; they stuck with McCarthy.

Kennedy's narrow victory over McCarthy in California

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helped expose some of CDC's weaknesses. Kennedy had scored heavily in areas where CDC was weak—in the black and Chicano communities. Also, CDC's base in organized labor has never been notable, and that showed in the returns.

Late in June of 1968, after the assassination, the Kennedy and McCarthy people met at the International Hotel near the Los Angeles airport. Unruh, who had headed the Kennedy campaign, promised the McCarthy people seats on the California delegation. Out of that meeting came a California set of delegates who stood on their chairs at Chicago and chanted, "Peace, peace, peace!" When the delegation came home, CDC held a luncheon in honor of its leaders, even though the organization was so broke it couldn't pick up the tab for the press.

From that point CDC went downhill—until this year. Somehow the potential for unity, so clear in 1968, had never materialized for CDC. Hubert Humphrey was scarcely a candidate about whom CDCers could get very excited, and the state was laboring under the political pall cast by the policies (including veto after veto of even mildly liberal legislative actions) of Governor Reagan.

Gerald Hill, a San Francisco attorney who had succeeded Casady as president and who was one of the architects of the McCarthy campaign, bowed out in 1969, to be succeeded by Assemblyman John Burton of San Francisco, later state Democratic chairman and now a candidate for Congress. Burton served only one two-year term and was replaced in 1971 by Nate Holden, a black aerospace engineer from Beverly Hills, who is still president.

Membership declined and the conventions grew smaller and smaller. Convention representation, traditionally one for twenty members of every club, was changed to one for ten, with the club president also getting automatic delegate status. That's one reason why the increased delegate attendance this year is a little misleading.

The all-time high for CDC delegates was 2,366 at Fresno in 1962, but that was in the days of one-to-twenty and cannot be compared to this year's 1,032 under the one-to-ten-plus-one formula. The 1962 total represented at least three times the number of doorbell ringers who stand in the wings today.

One CDC veteran said cynically over breakfast at the Mansion House Motel during this convention, "CDC has become an organization of past and future candidates." But before many hours had passed, there was Evelyn Benson of Los Angeles, a veteran of many CDC battles, fighting to get the report on issues made a special item of business under the rules. She won.

CDC has changed, but not all that much. And the reporters in the press pit, some of whom had covered every CDC convention since 1954, acknowledged by their very presence that the body they had so often buried was showing signs of climbing out of the coffin. One reason for the revitalization could be that the Democrats, although still fighting among themselves with traditional vigor, see something like 1958 on the political horizon this fall in California. □

THE 'NATIONAL SECURITY' CARTEL

OUR BLUNDERING OIL DIPLOMACY

STEPHEN NORDLINGER

Washington

As the Shah of Iran, nattily dressed in a brown plaid suit and camel's hair coat, flew off in early 1971 for his annual vacation at St. Moritz, he spoke triumphantly at the airport of new opportunities being opened by the power of the Arab nations to extract huge concessions from the international oil companies. By threats and an ample amount of wheeling and dealing, he had managed to best the wily old oil negotiators of the West in what now appears to have been a major step toward the first energy crisis in the peacetime history of the United States.

The shortages and the accompanying soaring prices for fuel that plague the American motorist and home owner can be traced in large part to those pivotal negotiations in Teheran more than three years ago. The Arab nations won an additional $10 billion for their oil, but much more important than that, they flexed their muscles and effectively cowed the companies.

Once the Arabs had proved their skill and strength at the bargaining table, they went on to achieve further and further concessions, most notably a share in the equity ownership of the companies. Then, after less than three years, the Arabs this past winter breached a five-year agreement made at Teheran by unilaterally quadrupling prices.

For this debacle, the oil companies must bear a large measure of responsibility. They had failed, in the face of mushrooming world demand, to build a production capacity sufficient to relieve the pressure on them at the negotiations. The defeat must also be attributed to the often ruthless behavior of the companies toward the Arab nations in years past. The Arabs, for the first time really sensing the full value of oil and the power of united action, were prepared to strike back.

But the heaviest blame for what transpired at Teheran must fall on the U.S. Government, which for more than twenty years had encouraged the companies to enter the waiting trap and then out of ignorance and fear undermined their bargaining position at the fateful negotiations. Teheran was the climax of a strategy in which the cause of national security, as defined by the State Department, dictated what masqueraded as a national energy policy.

In the name of national security, the government had

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espoused a policy that completely coincided with the short-term interests of the oil companies, but cost the American public multibillions in lost tax revenues and higher prices. The government fostered the growth of an international oil cartel that set prices and production levels and apportioned markets. Consequently, the oil companies were ill-prepared when the government failed to support them at the moment when they sought to present a united front to the Arabs—the decision again being made in the cause of national security, rather than according to a serious national energy policy, which in any case did not exist.

The maneuverings of the government and the industry have now been brought to light in days of testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, headed by Sen. Frank Church. Since early this year, scores of once-classified documents have been made public to buttress the record. The committee's staff, Jerome Levinson, Jack Blum, John Henry and William Lane, spent more than a year compiling the information.

The government's case against the international oil cartel that began developing in 1949, the granting to the companies in 1950 of tax credits that have transferred billions from the U.S. Treasury to the coffers of the Arab nations and, finally, the withdrawal of support at Teheran in 1971 were all decisions taken in the name of national security. Ironically, the nation today appears something less than totally secure in meeting its fuel requirements. Along the way since 1949, the State Department and the Justice Department divided sharply on just where the nation's security interests lay. Even within State there was dissension over policies that eventually left a lasting mark on the world's oil production.

The international oil crisis did not develop suddenly from the imposition of the oil embargo; it stems from actions by the oil companies that were subsequently condoned and even abetted by the government. These companies became a virtual supranational government and exercised powerful control, insofar as oil was concerned, over the foreign and domestic policies of the United States and the world. A close relationship developed between government officials, many enlisted straight from the oil business, and the industry itself.

A red boundary line, drawn with a pencil on July 31, 1928, has come to symbolize the power of the Seven Sisters, the seven international oil companies that over the decades have woven a tight fabric of joint, coordinated ventures. This line, which encircles Iraq as well as Saudi Arabia and other nations of the old Ottoman Empire, demarks the area in which four of these companies held sway by agreeing to curtail world crude output and limit competition in refining, marketing, and the securing of concessions.

In the early 1920s, the State Department proclaimed a so-called "open door policy" for oil exploration in the Middle East, so that American companies could secure equal rights with their British rivals in the mammoth reserves of Iraq. The companies insisted on this policy as an indispensable condition for their participation in the Middle East. However, the companies, sensing the advantages of cartel strength and fearing a possible oil glut, soon lost their enthusiasm for "open door" competition. The State Department, bowing to their new desires, abandoned a policy it had so strenuously pursued, and the Red Line Agreement came into being.

Also, in 1928, representatives of the three oil giants, Standard of New Jersey (now Exxon), Royal Dutch Shell and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. (now British Petroleum), gathered at an English castle, ostensibly to shoot grouse. From that meeting came a further agreement to restrict competition in the significant oil markets of the world. This agreement, precipitated by a price war in India, completed the chain of major company control from crude supply source through market distribution outlets for at least a decade and even during the dislocation of World War II. After the war, the seven companies continued their arrangements as rich new crude reserves developed in the Persian Gulf area, especially in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait.

According to testimony by David I. Haberman, an attorney in the Justice Department's antitrust division from 1953 to 1972, the companies expanded the number of interlocking, jointly owned production companies to unify control of concessions and crude output, and established a system of long-term mutual supply contracts that allowed exchanges among themselves without risk of competition from new companies.

The Federal Trade Commission in 1952 filed a 378-page report, "The International Petroleum Cartel," and the Justice Department announced a grand jury investigation that won banner headlines. But then the State Department, muttering "national security," moved in to protect the industry, and in effect took over the nation's antitrust policy. The Justice Department, by contrast, felt strongly that the country would be more secure if the cartel were broken up.

In a June 1952 memorandum, now made public by the Church subcommittee, H. G. Morison, an Assistant Attorney General, advised Attorney General McGranery that, in the absence of competition, the Navy had bought oil during World War II at prices which bore no "relationship whatever to the low cost of producing oil" in the Middle East. While the United States was being charged $1.05 a barrel, the Arabian-American Oil Co. (Aramco) was making sales in Saudi Arabia to affiliated American companies and the Japanese at 70¢ and 84¢ a barrel. The memorandum said that the $70 million which Standard Oil of California and the Texas Company (now Texaco) charged the Navy for petroleum products was $38.5 million more than they charged other purchasers for equivalent products.

Despite manifold evidence of a cartel, President Truman was persuaded to pull the teeth of the Justice Department's case by reducing it from a criminal to a time-consuming civil action. The suit against Gulf, Exxon and Texaco was settled years later by consent decree; the cases against Mobil and Standard of California were dropped. According to a now declassified message sent by Dean Acheson to Morison at the Justice Department, the State Department feared that the criminal action would arouse a movement in the Middle East to nationalize the companies accused of conspiring, lead to a "decrease of

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political stability in the region," and discourage American companies from investing there.

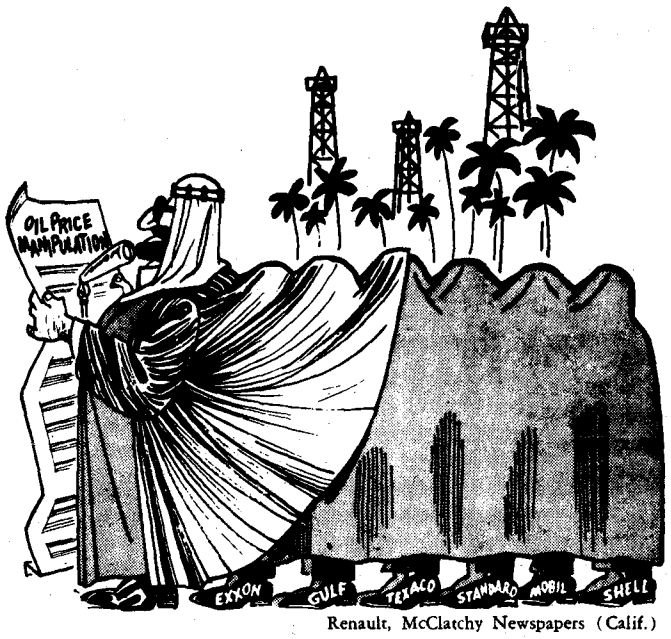
Leonard J. Emmerglick, who left the Justice Department in 1954, apparently discouraged after working closely on the oil cartel case, testified that the decision to reduce the case to a civil action was taken by the National Security Council one Friday in the closing days of the Truman administration. That Sunday evening President Truman summoned Mr. Emmerglick to the living quarters of the White House and told him he had taken the potentially momentous action not on the advice of the Cabinet officers who attended the Security Council meeting but solely on the assurance of Gen. Omar Bradley that the national security called for the decision. However, documents now issued by the subcommittee indicate that the State Department determined the action. The consent decrees reached years later apparently had little effect on the activities of the companies.

Soon after scuttling the cartel case, the State Department, under John Foster Dulles, moved quickly to assure the domination by the major companies over the potentially lucrative Iranian crude supply by keeping the competition of independents out of the area. Again national security was cited, this time the threat of Soviet expansion. It was believed that the most reliable way to restore Iranian oil production after the collapse of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. following nationalization by Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh was to move in the major foreign and American companies.

A now declassified memorandum by Adrian S. Fisher, then legal adviser at State, said these companies lack "any particular desire" to produce this oil because of adequate supplies elsewhere, but the government's persuasion prevailed. The Justice Department finally went along with the Iranian decision, though its antitrust division strongly maintained that the agreement was totally inconsistent with the civil cartel case it was still pursuing in court. In the end, the State Department's decision killed any chance of making the cartel case stick, according to Senator Church. His subcommittee is seeking further documents which, investigators said, would link the entrance of the major companies into Iran to the termination of the criminal action. It is worth noting that, according to an internal Justice Department memorandum, the independent oil companies had wanted a 36 per cent share of the consortium, but the share was reduced to 5 per cent by the State Department. Despite the majors' professed reluctance to enter Iran, it turned out to be a "good investment," a former top official, Howard W. Page, testified.

There was some significant disagreement within the State Department itself over the handling of these crucial matters. The subcommittee has made public a memorandum written at the time by a key oil adviser, Richard Funkhouser, now serving with the Agency for International Development, which stated "that the ability to accommodate to changing situations in the Middle East is best developed under an environment of free competition rather than from efforts to 'hold the line,' which seldom succeed." Every encouragement, he said, should be given to independents to move Iranian oil.

Funkhouser quoted some oil executives and economists as believing that the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. might never



Renault, McClatchy Newspapers (Calif.)

have been nationalized if there had been competitors in Iran. "There is a certain safety in numbers," he wrote, adding that a monopoly is "ideally easy to nationalize." Despite this advice, the government avoided any actions that would cause giant consortiums like Aramco or the one in Iran to relinquish parts of their concessions to competitors, and thus minimize the growing possibility of substantial takeovers by the Arab nations.

Out of this period that brought the collapse of the criminal action against the cartel and the granting of a concession in Iran to the major companies came the secret decision in 1950 to treat the royalties of the Arab nations as taxes, to be credited dollar for dollar against what the companies owed the U.S. Treasury. Once more, the justification was national security.

The corrupt regime of the late King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, into whose purse went an enormous share of the oil revenues from Aramco, began demanding much more money in 1949 and 1950. Sharp increases in royalties, if treated merely as business expenses, would have been a severe blow to Aramco's profits. On the advice of the company and with the approval of Dean Acheson, the Saudis in 1950 changed the royalties to a so-called "income tax." The amount paid could then be deducted from U.S. taxes.

As a result of this Treasury Department tax ruling, the four companies that control Aramco—Exxon, Texaco, Standard of California and Mobil—which had paid $50 million in U.S. taxes in 1950, paid $6 million in 1951; and Saudi Arabia, which had received $66 million as royalties in 1950, got $110 million as taxes in 1951. Aramco lost nothing by this even swap and the Treasury Department lost a good deal. From then on, the American Government began losing close to $200 million a year in tax revenues from oil companies operating in the Middle East.

Testifying before the Church subcommittee, George C. McGee, a multimillionaire oilman and at the time of the tax-credit decision the top man on Middle East affairs

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at the State Department, justified this new policy by what he described as the critical contest in the Middle East "between ourselves and the Soviets." The very corruption and ineptitude of such regimes as that of Ibn Saud made them especially vulnerable to a nationalization movement that would upset the stability of the area, the McGee argument went, and could be prevented only by a constant transfusion of American money.

The National Security Council made the decision in secret; there was no consultation with Congress. On this decision as well, McGee's adviser on petroleum matters, Funkhouser, said in a memorandum that the preferable route to political stability in the Middle East was not through tax favors but by reducing the size of the concessions held by individual companies, a move that would also promote competition. "Since many new American companies are interested in the area and financially strong enough to enter the field, continuation of oil properties in U.S. hands would be almost assured," Funkhouser said. "Middle East states prefer American companies to those of other nationalities."

In recalling the simultaneous decision by the company and the State Department to adopt the principle of the tax credit, McGee said that the solution was reached separately, although "our reasoning based on political grounds coincided with theirs." At that time Aramco was selling its entire production to Europe, but McGee said it was vital to the United States to have Saudi Arabian reserves owned by American companies "for a time of crisis."

The final chapter in the story of the symbiotic relationship of the major oil companies and the American Government began in the late 1950s and early 1960s. An excess production capacity prompted the companies unilaterally to cut the posted price of crude in the Middle East by 20¢ a barrel. This action precipitated the formation of the Arab cartel, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries.

Alarmed by this development, John J. McCloy, former High Commissioner for Germany and then employed by the major oil companies, has disclosed to the Church subcommittee that he met secretly with President Kennedy to alert him to the danger posed by the Arab cartel. Subsequently he spoke to each and every Attorney General to apprise them, he said, of the unfolding situation. The companies sought nothing at the time from the government, because the ample spare production capacity available and the requests of the Arab nations for ever greater production put them in a strong position.

By the 1970s, however, the rapid rise in world demand for energy made the companies vulnerable. George T. Piercy, senior vice president of Exxon, admitted to the subcommittee that the industry had failed to anticipate this surge in demand, thus exposing it to pressure from the Arabs. In Libya, the new revolutionary regime of Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi won major concessions in 1970 from Occidental Petroleum, an independent that relied on Libyan crude.

The potential showdown feared by McCloy ten years earlier, became a reality for the major companies as they approached the negotiations in Teheran in early 1971. McCloy stepped up his calls and visits to Washington. John N. Mitchell, the former Attorney General, said in a deposition for the subcommittee that McCloy, then representing twenty-three oil companies, met or talked to him four times in January 1971, as special agreements were prepared by the government and industry before the Teheran bargaining began.

At that time, two key State and Justice Department officials, James Akins and Dudley Chapman, went to New York and waited outside the door of McCloy's law office while the agreements were drawn up, thus indicating the continuing intimacy between government and the industry. According to testimony, the Justice Department secretly consented to the industry-sponsored agreements: one was to allow the major and independent companies to join in a united front to bargain with the Arabs for a new global contract without fear of antitrust prosecution; the other would permit a sharing of oil in the event any company was shut down by Libya.

Although the Justice Department granted the companies the right to bargain as a bloc, the State Department withdrew its support from the companies' desire to bargain with all the oil-producing countries at one time, including those in the Persian Gulf and Libya, so that there would be no leap-frogging price effect, with companies being picked off one by one.

At the request of the companies, John N. Irwin II, then Under Secretary of State, was sent on one day's notice to the Middle East to speak to some of the conservative nations. He had no time to prepare and, as he conceded to the subcommittee, he totally lacked any "real background" in the oil business. Quickly he submitted to the threats and astute maneuvering of the Shah of Iran and Arab leaders who convinced Irwin, now Ambassador to France, that the negotiations with the Persian Gulf states and Libya must be separate. Without consulting the industry negotiators in Teheran, Irwin cabled back, according to his testimony, that the separate bargaining was necessary. His recommendation was routinely accepted by the State Department, and the industry, its position undercut, agreed to separate sessions in Teheran and later in Tripoli.

Justifying his recommendation, Irwin, true to the government's explanation for its past oil policy, told the subcommittee that his mission to the Middle East was to protect the national security, in this case against a threatened halt of production. There was no point, he suggested, in antagonizing the Arab nations. The message he brought to the Middle East—that the United States hoped that oil supplies would not be disrupted, that the companies must be cooperative and that the U.S. Government definitely would not become involved in the negotiations—strengthened the hand of the Arab negotiators. The entire Irwin mission, in fact, puzzled the Arabs, who probably expected the United States to take a tough stand. "I don't know what Mr. Irwin's visit was for," said Jamshid Amuzegar, the Iranian Foreign Minister, in an interview during the preliminary negotiations.

With the demand for oil exceeding production capacity, the Arabs were in a strong position at Teheran, yet the companies still held some cards. The Arabs needed oil revenues, on which they depended for 50 to 95 per cent of their incomes, and they relied heavily on the technical skills and other resources of the international companies.

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But in the wake of the Irwin mission, the companies struck the best deal they could get; it was supposed to last for five years. The agreement was hailed by the State Department as bringing "stability" to the Middle East, but within less than three years, it was torn up by the Arabs. Representatives of the industry, which had played its last trump, were summoned to "negotiation" in Vienna and the emboldened Arab nations unilaterally imposed new demands that sent the posted price of crude oil from $3.01 a barrel last October 1 to $11.65 in January, the present level.

The American consumer is paying handsomely for the vacuum in energy leadership in Washington over the last forty years or more. For almost all of this period, the oil companies filled the gap, virtually dictating policy in their own self-interest. This policy, when it involved international concerns, was rationalized on national security grounds. The Irwin mission that culminated the decades of neglect was doomed to fail, since it was impossible to generate an energy policy overnight.

The big oil companies cannot be left any longer to their own devices. Despite the risk of becoming embroiled in international disputes, the government, as the presumed protector of the public interest, must play a forceful role in dealing with the oil producers and the oil-producing countries. □

THE INMATE PRESS

PAUL DICKSON

Inmate-written newspapers and magazines are an important part of life in the country's penal institutions and stand on their own as a vital and completely serious branch of journalism. A journalistic sub-institution, the penal press shares many of the customs, trappings and problems of the mainstream press. It has, for instance, feature writers, cartoonists, editorial writers and columnists of national reputation whose work is reprinted widely in prison periodicals and who vie for even greater recognition by competing for national press awards. The equivalent of a Pulitzer Prize for the press behind bars is a Clayton Award, named for Charles C. Clayton, professor emeritus at the Southern Illinois University School of Journalism, who taught the first college-level journalism course offered for credit in a penal institution. Another parallel one finds is that convict editors and reporters confront basic issues of free speech and free press; on several important occasions, they have gone to court to assert those rights.

Inmate periodicals date back in America to the last century. One of the first, if not the first, of the newspapers was *The Summary,* which began in 1883 at the New York State Reformatory at Elmira; one of the earliest prison magazines was *Good Words,* founded in 1913 at the U.S. Penitentiary in Atlanta by Nathaniel Hawthorne's son Julian, imprisoned there for mail fraud.

There is no national inventory of the penal press, but both Professor Clayton and Dr. E. Preston Sharp, director of the American Correctional Association, estimate that there are many hundreds of them; Clayton adds, "Nearly every institution of any size has a paper or magazine, and one even finds a number of them showing up in the smaller jails and military prisons." Last year alone, the annual Penal Press Contest sponsored by the S.I.U. School of Journalism attracted nearly 500 entries from some 200 institutions.

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If one includes the mimeographed newsletters which serve particular groups within a prison, the total probably goes well over a thousand. For example, at the Federal Correctional Institution at Lompoc, Calif., sixteen groups publish their own newsletters. Among them are *The Pineapple Times,* put out by Hawaiian inmates; *The Five Feather News,* which covers national Indian issues as well as news of the activities of the men from twenty different tribes who are in the institutions; and *The 7-Step Newsletter,* a monthly put out by the local chapter of a national group in which inmates work toward self-rehabilitation. Despite their limited circulation and humble appearance, these newsletters can take initiative. The November 1973 issue of *The 7-Step Newsletter,* containing the results of its statewide survey on hiring ex-inmates, was mailed to more than 500 employers.

The quality, size, content and frequency of issue of the institution-wide publications vary widely. There are slick, tightly edited, graphically professional monthlies as well as crude, mimeographed offerings which come out irregularly. Some are for the inmates only; others seek wider circulation among the families of inmates, interested outsiders, former prisoners and local officials. Some, such as *The San Quentin News, The Presidio* (Iowa State Penitentiary) have national reputations and are read avidly by other prison editors. Many rely heavily on fiction, poetry and essays; others are almost entirely news and editorials. The features that show up in the penal press are almost as varied as those in outside publications—book reviews, horoscopes, religious news, classified ads, photo essays, chess columns, puzzles, letters to the editor pages and inquiring photographer columns.

While the material ranges widely from publication to publication, certain basic bread-and-butter items are common to most of them. Parole board news gets first attention, as does news of prison reform and innovation, both at the particular prison and worldwide. Local sports are almost always reported, news of new prison policy is obviously important and many papers carry legal columns written by the resident inmate expert. Inmate poetry and news of prison clubs and associations are

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standard items. And a host of good cartoonists work on the editorial pages of these publications.

News features are common and often meet the standards of balanced reporting and clear writing required by outside publications. For example, an inmate-written profile of a prisoner who had spent all but eighteen months of his last twenty-four years behind bars, which ran in a recent issue of Kentucky's *Inter-Prison Press,* would qualify as compelling writing wherever it appeared. To be sure, many of the longer pieces are directed specifically at inmate readers—a feature on a prison laundry which appeared in a Pennsylvania weekly comes to mind—but a significant number are lively, generally interesting and merit a wider audience.

One also finds good personal essays on prison topics. One such piece, "Cruel and Unusual" by Frank Driscoll, a 29-year-old serving a fifteen-to-thirty-year fourth term, appeared in the Colorado Penitentiary's *Interpreter.* It addresses itself to the deprivation of heterosexual activity in jail. The writing is lively, impassioned, often amusingly cynical, and highly articulate.

Perhaps surprisingly, there is much good reporting of controversial subjects and pointed editorial writing in these papers and magazines. An article in the *Insight News,* from the Adirondack Correctional Treatment Center, reports on the strong reaction to a new rule which prohibits inmates from having their pictures taken to be sent home. "I'm shocked that they'd stop it," says one prisoner, "especially since there has been no abuse of the past policy." *The Voice of the Giant,* published at the Ohio State facility at Lucasville, recently carried an article, "Whatever Happened to the Karate Program?" which concludes that the administration is tying up the course in red tape, and claims that prison officials "obviously have other plans for the physical energy running directly through this mausoleum." A legal columnist in Colorado's *Interpreter* concludes that the "Colorado prison system is open proof of society's hatred of its felons." Recent issues of the generally upbeat *Inter-Prison Press* contain such items as a well-developed article entitled "Inmates Finishing Bricklaying Course Say Have No Place to Practice Skill," a persuasive editorial attacking state licensing laws which prevent ex-cons from entering certain professions, and an editorial call for prison ombudsmen to mediate in a situation where "there are so many ills . . . that rehabilitation of that system is virtually impossible."

An issue that is currently very much alive is how free a prison periodical can be. Generally speaking, the courts in recent years have recognized that the First Amendment protection of free speech follows inmates behind bars, although various courts have come to different conclusions as to how far this protection may be allowed to go, given the demands of prison security and administrative efficiency. A state of greater, but still limited, freedom holds true for the press as well as for the individual behind bars.

A spokesman for the American Correctional Association observes: "We are witnessing greater and greater freedom in these papers, but there are logical limits. Understandably, a warden cannot allow articles that tell how to make bombs, call for a riot or are extremely pornographic." Charles J. Holmes, Kentucky's Commissioner of Corrections, says of *Inter-Prison Press,* which is under his jurisdiction: "Writers are free to broach any subject, as long as they keep their writing objective." Garland Poynter, Chief of Education at the Washington, D.C. jail, says of that institution's *New Insider*: "There is only one restriction on what can go in and that is that it cannot be used to attack an individual. If the writers want to attack the system or its policies, that's beautiful." The Colorado *Interpreter* carries the notation: ". . . subject to review and approval of the CSP [Colorado State Penitentiary] administration," but that supervision cannot be very severe, for the magazine is among the most outspoken. Some local policies are more inhibiting. Charles Mueller, a staff member who helps oversee *The Menard Time* at the Illinois State Prison, says: "Our purpose is to create a better relationship between the prison and the outside and we don't encourage much that is very controversial," and the editor of an Indiana prison magazine says in a recent issue that the warden, who reviews all copy, gave him the impression that the magazine should avoid becoming "a crying towel."

Beyond the issue of what can be published, there is the matter of whether or not a warden has the right to close a paper that displeases him. Increasingly, prisoners are going to court to establish the right to keep publishing. A 1972 case involved the ALERTS Communitarian *Newsletter* put out by the Associated Library and Educational Research Team for Survival, a politically oriented study group at the Lorton Correctional Complex in Virginia (part of the District of Columbia Corrections System). The paper began in 1971 and was tolerated for a while, even though its pages included politically radical opinions from writers inside and outside the prison. Early in 1972 the administration refused to publish an issue which catalogued alleged past abuses practiced against prisoners by specific officials of the Department of Corrections. ALERTS took legal action and obtained a supervised agreement which set out rules under which the *Newsletter* could be published. The main restrictions were that there could be no encouragement of illegal acts and no unapproved references to specific guards, officials or inmates. James E. Drew, one of the attorneys who represented ALERTS, says: "The important thing that happened is that we turned a privilege that could be turned on or off into a right—albeit, with some restrictions." The *Newsletter* continues to be published and maintains its sharply critical and radical political outlook. Nor does it avoid specifics, even though it cannot use names. A recent issue, devoted in large part to the problems at the D.C. Women's Detention Center, listed seventy inmate grievances.

In another case, a new warden at the Pennsylvania Correctional Institution at Pittsburgh halted publication of a newspaper called *Vibrations,* which had been started in late 1970 by an interracial staff as a means to reduce racial tension in the prison. According to Michael L. Rosenfield, one of the attorneys representing the prisoners, the paper was halted because an article that told of the stabbing to death of one inmate by another reported,

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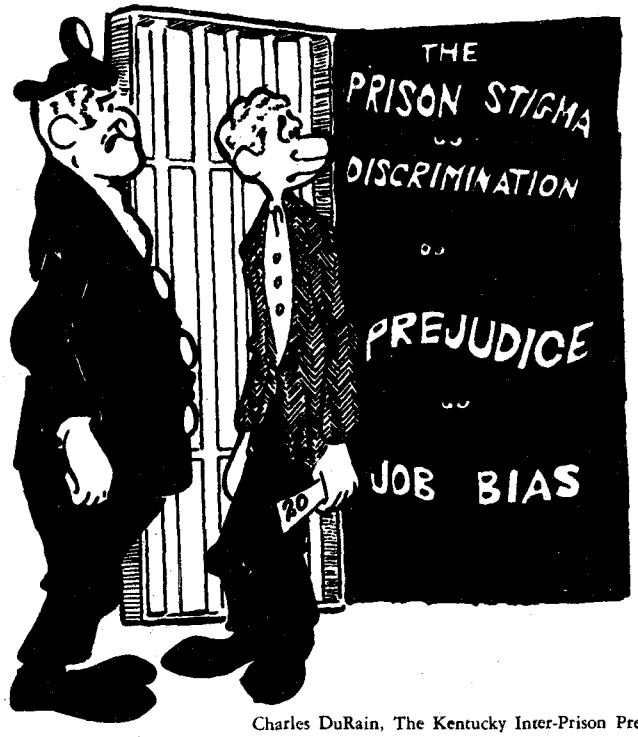

Charles DuRain, The Kentucky Inter-Prison Press

"You've Paid Your Debt, Boy. Go on Out There and Be a Good Guy."

among other things, that the dead man had asked for, and was refused, protection from the guards. Although the article was published during the administration of a warden who had encouraged the paper, the new warden reacted strongly against it. Rosenfield also says that the offices of the paper were ransacked after it was closed and that one of the editors was transferred out at 4 A.M., on the pretext that he was planning an escape. As in the ALERTS case, the dispute was brought to court and an agreement made with the state attorney general under a consent order which gave the inmates the right to publish their newspaper, provided that it could not contain "any article which is obscene, libelous, inflammatory, or dangerous to prison administration, discipline or security." Decisions would be made by the majority vote of a board composed of one member of the administration, one inmate and one college-level journalism teacher from the outside. The order also said, "No member of the newspaper staff may be transferred because of his activity on the paper." *Vibrations,* however, has not yet reappeared, partly, according to Rosenfield, because of foot-dragging by the administration, and partly because all but one of the original editors has left prison.

Although inmate publications die regularly, new ones crop up to replace them. One new offering, a magazine less than a year old, is worth dwelling on for a moment because it can be used to illustrate the value of such an undertaking to those concerned. Clyde "Buddy" Hardy, an inmate at the Washington, D.C. jail and associate editor of *The New Insider,* says of the magazine: "It teaches us how to communicate, using discretion, and how to communicate on paper, which is going to help on the outside." Hardy, who like the rest of the staff has had no previous writing experience, feels that he is learning quickly and is excited about making the bimonthly bigger and better. He explains that the staff of the magazine wants to get it up to 50 pages an issue by printing more news and poetry and expanding its "Law Corner." Hardy feels free in his work for the *Insider* and has no problem working within its stricture against attacking individuals. "I can understand this," he says, "and we can get at the problem anyhow by attacking the attitude or policy which the person represents." Hardy is himself a clear, articulate writer, and several of his articles have probed demonstrations and disturbances in the jail. In an analysis of the reasons for a sit-in, Hardy shows his ability by writing, in part:

> It is common knowledge that some officials in the policy-making positions are blind to, or tend to ignore, our basic needs. The rules and regulations as well as the guidelines of the Department of Corrections are being denied willfully. It is forever a state of confusion trying to recall to mind the laws that govern us today, because usually they aren't the same ones that governed me when I went to sleep the previous night. It seems that everyone individually having charge of our lives has an independent set of rules of their own.

The *Insider*'s staff sponsor, Garland Poynter, is proud of the publication and points out that his role as copy editor has diminished substantially since the first issue came out. He feels that experience on the magazine could enable one or more of the men to get into writing on the outside.

One might wonder why every prison does not have a periodical of some sort. Usually it is not because they are forbidden. J.E. Brent, associate warden at the federal Robert F. Kennedy Youth Center in Morgantown, W.Va., reports that the institution has a written policy encouraging and providing for a news magazine which would be the sole responsibility of the residents, but that they have never organized one. At the Federal Correctional Institution at Tallahassee, Warden G.M. Farcas says that there is no paper because inmates are there for short terms and continuity is therefore difficult.

Overall, the problem of editor continuity is not only a hindrance in getting papers started in institutions where sentences tend to be short, but is also a major reason why established periodicals fold. Charles H. Huff, who is on the staff at Leavenworth where the highly regarded *New Era* suspended recently, says: "Occasionally a good editor-writer comes along who keeps things on an even keel, meeting deadlines, etc.; then along comes another editor [elected by popular vote] who has the managerial ability of a giraffe on ice, and the whole thing flops."

Despite occasional failures, most administrators see definite value in inmate periodicals. M.R. Hogan, warden at the U.S. Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., gives a typical response: "There is no question in my mind about the value of the paper. In addition to providing a valuable communication link . . . it offers constructive outlets for those men who are interested in the field of journalism."

Although the vocational aspect of the prison press is often stressed abstractly by administrators, the question that begs to be asked is whether former prisoners ac-

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tually do move into affiliated professions on the outside. There are no figures, but one finds enough examples to conclude that a small but significant number do. A recent example is Charles DuRain, who until last July was editor of and cartoonist for *The Castle,* the publication of the State Prison in Eddyville, Ky. DuRain was one of the most famous cartoonists in the inmate Fourth Estate and his poignant, well-executed works were reproduced in prisons across the country. He also won the Clayton Award for Outstanding Achievement in Prison Journalism for 1973 and took top honors in the cartoon category in the S.I.U. contest in 1972. Since his parole last July, DuRain has become employed as the staff cartoonist for a newspaper near St. Cloud, Minn. Clayton knows of at least half a dozen men in addition to DuRain who have been successful in journalism on the outside, and adds that a good many more have made it in printing and graphics. Melvin Wencel, director of education at the Indiana State Prison, reports that several former inmates who worked on the paper have become commercial artists and that he expects to hear good things about the four former members of *The Lake Shore Outlook* staff who, while in prison, published *An Eye for an Eye,* a highly critical book about prison life.

One man who sees tremendous value in the inmate press is Dave Saunders, a former editor of *The Menard Time.* Saunders, who had been interested in writing before getting into deep trouble and a long sentence in the penitentiary, says: "Before a prison publication can succeed it means that the editor has to really work hard and contribute and if he does this he is squaring himself around, and once he's squared around he gains and so do the other inmates." Since being paroled, Saunders has worked for two newspapers and today is the public information officer for the Southern Illinois University School of Technical Careers. □

CLASS, CRISIS & CAPITALISM

FORMULA FOR REVOLUTION

MICHAEL MANN

The main disadvantage of asking the question, "Is the working class still a force for revolutionary change in the West?," is that most readers will have their answers ready. In the United States it is probably a unanimous "No," followed by an emphatic "Marx was wrong." But Americans should remember that the standard answer in certain other Western countries, say France or Italy, would be quite different. In those countries, we must be prepared at least to envisage proletarian uprisings as still possible. Why is there such a difference? For there are also similarities: even in the United States, the main source of opposition to capitalism has been the labor movement, at least until recent years. And today one can still find groups of workers in every Western country who respond to an economic crisis by loudly abusing capitalism. But equally this does not mean that "Marx was right." Capitalism over the last 100 years has survived the abuse of workers without suffering visible damage. So in what circumstances *are* workers a threat to capitalism, and are these circumstances found only in a few Western countries today?

Perhaps we should start by clearing up what is meant by a "revolutionary proletariat." Mere anger against "the bosses" obviously does not constitute revolutionary consciousness. It seems to demand the four elements:

Class identity: the definition of oneself as working class, as playing a distinctive role in common with other workers in the productive process.

Class opposition: the perception that the capitalist and his agents constitute one's enduring opponent. These two elements interact; that is to say, opposition serves to reinforce identity and vice versa.

Class totality: the acceptance of the two previous elements as defining (*a*) one's total social situation and (*b*) the whole society in which one lives.

The conception of an alternative society: a goal toward which one moves through the struggle with the opponent.

True revolutionary consciousness is the combination of all four elements, and an exceedingly rare occurrence. Marxism provides a theory of escalation of consciousness from the first to the fourth. Consciousness grows (some Marxists say it "explodes") as the worker links his own concrete experience to an analysis of wider structures and then to alternative structures. It is in this sense that Marxism is a materialist theory: contradictions within the sphere of production and the growth of collective power are experienced by the worker before he generalizes a theory of socialism.

This view of class consciousness immediately disposes of one common argument heard today. Many Marxists argue that, whereas the "objective" conditions for a proletarian revolution exist or are relatively advanced, the workers' "subjective" consciousness of their historic role lags behind. Theories of "false consciousness," or references to Lenin's supposed belief that the working class can generate only trade union consciousness, normally make an appearance here. Yet as well as being a biased interpretation of Lenin's position it is a strange kind of Marxism, for it lacks the very essence of the materialist dialectic, the relation between theory and practice. According to Marx, the consciousness of the proletariat emerges from its direct and practical experience of the fundamental contradiction between the existing individualist relations of production and the emerging collective

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forces of production. While capitalist relations are based on individual private property, the productive forces develop a proletariat whose power is collectively based and experienced. Working-class consciousness grows dialectically, therefore, with experience in trade unions, in political parties and in the sphere of production itself. Hence, according to Marx, if subjective consciousness is lacking, so too are the objective conditions, for the two cannot exist separately.

If class consciousness is essentially dynamic, it is obvious that conventional, static social survey techniques will not illuminate it very well. We learn from them that in normal situations most workers are confused in their economic and political beliefs. That is true even of the majority of more "advanced" labor forces, like those in northern Italy or France. But this does not enable us to predict their reactions in crisis situations. As their normal consciousness contains elements drawn from the most disparate ideologies, their anger in a crisis might be channeled into nationalism, fascism, racism, socialism, anarchism or indeed into intensified confusion! So in order to understand revolutionary consciousness we need additional *dynamic* evidence. As we haven't got many Western revolutions for sources, we must rely on smaller disturbances, or strikes and events like those of May 1968 in France. Can we detect processes there which in a more acute crisis might expand into revolutionary consciousness?

Almost all accounts of large, long strikes confirm that an escalation or explosion of class consciousness occurs. Even among hitherto conservative groups of workers, anger is directed against the employer and is often expressed in class terms. The elements of *identity* and *opposition* increase dialectically, for the workers learn that their power to resist lies *only* in collective action, in "sticking together." It is only through conflict that class identity can be experienced. Beyond this point, however, consciousness does not expand in such a uniform fashion. In most situations we find a few workers who say that the conflict has shown them the real nature of capitalism or of society, and that they have glimpsed the totality of class relations.

Yet this learning process is uneven. It is very much to the fore in participants' accounts of May 1968 and of contemporary struggles in Italy, but apparently rarer in northern Europe and the United States. It seems to be less "spontaneous" than the learning of identity and opposition, being generally learnt from already convinced Socialists in the factory. Left-wing militants often recount how they have been all along telling their mates the truth about capitalism but are only listened to in the strike itself (when it is too late to develop a real militant strategy). Static surveys confirms this for they show us that in France and Italy, between 10 and 20 per cent of workers can be counted as left-wing Socialists, integrated in Socialist organizations, devoting a considerable part of their time to the class struggle, and often fortifying themselves with the strength and the experience supposedly provided by the Soviet Union. As an organized group (or more correctly, as *two* organized groups—Communist and Socialist) they are not paralleled in most other countries, where most militants are both isolated from one another and formally disowned by the national leadership of their organizations. Why are these differences so great?

Perhaps we should start our explanation with the strongest participant in industrial relations—the capitalist. Reformist and economistic trade unions can operate only if the employer permits. In the early years of industrialization many employers found it difficult to accept as legitimate the capitalist mode of social control, the cash nexus. Instead, their views on their property rights were considerably more diffuse, involving ownership rights over the workers and the workers' families. Only gradually did their claims narrow and did employers content themselves with a bureaucratic, economically based mode of control over their work force. Even today, diffuse paternalism is evident in almost all managerial ideologies, though usually in its watered-down, "happy family" version, more an appeal for fellowship than a demand for obedience. Where it survives in stronger form it is often associated with particular religious commitment—Quaker in the Anglo-Saxon world, Catholic in the Latin world. As such it has been traditionally hostile to trade unionism, which is seen as bringing "outside" influences into the "family": workers are "misled," and employers are forced to act in the workers' own interests by opposing the unions. Among some French employers these views are so strongly held that they amount to feudal property demands. The refusal of French and Italian employers to cooperate with trade unions in "their" factories has always been observed to be a very potent encouragement to communism among the workers. The intransigence of employers has often been reinforced by political ruling groups; in France and Italy, their lukewarm support for democracy and their flirtations with fascism, as well as their unwillingness to compromise with working-class movements, have long been a divisive factor in society at large. In countries with more amenable ruling classes bargaining can take place at a local level.

Employer and shop-floor representatives meet face to face in the processing of most British (and American) strikes. Representatives are thus closer to their members than they are in France or Italy, and thus "exploding consciousness" interacts sooner with, and is more easily restrained by, union bargaining tactics. In Italy, by contrast, the complete absence of regular channels of communication between individual employers and unions leads to strikes taking on an insurrectionist and emotional character. It is not possible to use the workers' attitudes as a means of building up in systematic fashion an increasing ground swell of pressure toward negotiation and settlement. Local bargaining can stop the escalation of consciousness at the level of a localized communitarian solidarity—neither the working class nor the capitalist class is involved as a whole, and a theory of the *totality* of society need not be generated.

Economism plays an equally restraining role. Whereas economic rewards in the capitalist enterprise can be "collective," job control rewards are largely "distributive." The economic interests of rival parties can in principle be served by increasing the total reward available for share-out by collective cooperation. By contrast, there tends to be a fixed amount of work control available for distribution, and for one party to increase control the other must necessarily lose some of its control. It is evidently

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easier to obtain a working solution to conflict on the former than on the latter issue. Obviously this depends on the ability of capitalism to generate increased wealth, but in the past this has been sufficiently demonstrated to render economic compromise an acceptable alternative to prolonged confrontation.

What is called the institutionalization of industrial conflict is nothing more nor less than the narrowing down of conflict to aggressive economism and defensive control. This has been taken to its furthest point by contemporary American trade unions, but it is the dominant strategy of all long-surviving unions. For, provided the employer will play this bargaining game, it has an inherent advantage for both parties over a wider control confrontation. If the latter were to succeed it would have to eliminate economism beforehand, for its success depends on working-class unity. Yet economism can exist in free competition with more extreme unionism, continually undercutting it by an ability to obtain interim successes from compromise bargaining. The employer will yield on economic bargaining more readily than he will on the sacred "managerial prerogative" of control. Where economism and movements oriented to workers' control have competed, the former have usually won.

As trade unions are organized toward the attainment of economic bargaining gains, they tend in practice to lose sight of control issues, whether these concern the immediate work situation or wider-ranging questions of industrial structure. With the increasing trend toward productivity bargaining, job control is viewed by trade unions as something which can be exchanged periodically for economic rewards; typically, workers will gain some shop-floor control informally, and indeed surreptitiously, and then sign it away in union-management negotiations.

Thus economism prevents the worker from generating a total explanation of his own identity, by separating his role as a wage-earner from that of a productive worker. The latter role is avoided, for work itself is experienced as alienation and compensation is sought outside of work. This double separation (wages from control, work from nonwork) is one reason why racial or religious identity so easily undercuts class consciousness. Black and white, Protestant and Catholic, can unite over wage conflicts with the employer, but attain the rest of their identity from within their segregated communities.

One further barrier to revolutionary consciousness must be added—the rarity of conceptions of an *alternative* society. To the extent that class opposition is used tactically by trade unions to force concessions from employers, it is not oriented to the achievement of socialism. Even the highly political unions and Left parties of France and Italy fail in this respect, for despite their rhetoric they are involved in the day-to-day compromises that keep greased the wheels of capitalism. And even their rhetoric contains one notable gap, namely a program for the revolution itself. The method by which the workers are to reach socialism is left relatively vague, especially in France. There is consequently a flavor of unreality, of utopianism even, about the Communist movement's aims. This has also been transmitted to the rival Socialist parties and union federations, which tend to put forward competing views of an entire, though not coherent, alternative society. This has been especially true of the Italian Socialist Party and of the second largest French union federation, the CFDT, which in the 1960s flirted with "democratic planning" and "self-management."

In May 1968, therefore, the unions and the Communist Party played a contradictory role. Their militants provided the nucleus of a movement which the organizations then betrayed because of their inability to conceive of a coherent alternative to compromise. Progress did occur, however. In a comprehensive study of factories in the north of France affected by the May events, Pierre Dubois and his colleagues found that 47 per cent of the factories affected by the strike were occupied, itself a relatively unusual event. Furthermore, in 76 per cent of cases the workers formed "General Assemblies" in which they met in large numbers to discuss both specific and general demands. The assemblies were part of the democratization of the movement, being subversive of the normal hierarchical system of worker representation (though most were dominated by the trade union activists). Their discussions were wide-ranging and in 25 per cent of cases concerned workers' control—this became the main goal of the occupation in 19 per cent of the cases. Thus a minority of workers were discussing very concrete aspects of an alternative industrial structure. This was not narrowly conceived, and in 40 per cent of the cases discussions with cadres (lower and middle management) were entered into. All of these initiatives, together with the ideals of "workers' power" and *auto-gestion*, eventually foundered and were seen to be utopian in the France of June-July 1968. Yet they were the first sign of major dialectical progress in the French working-class movement since the war—this is actually the first indication we have observed so far that there may exist genuinely cumulative elements in explosions of consciousness. It has not subsequently disappeared from view. The occupations, and democratic worker committees, have also been an increasing feature of Italian industrial relations since Italy's "long hot summer" of 1968.

The obstacles to revolutionary consciousness are considerable even in the most unstable countries. Furthermore, it would seem probable that even a revolutionary proletariat would not in itself be sufficiently strong to seize power in the contemporary West—allies would be needed. But my intention has not been to join the long list of intellectual "impossibilists" with which the working-class movement has had to contend. Rather it has been to analyze constructively the necessary components of class consciousness and their determinants. Three necessary conditions stand out: capitalists who act as a class, an economic crisis and a revolutionary tradition among at least a section of the workers. A crisis is not sufficient in itself, for if both employers and workers are accustomed to sectional compromise bargaining, their economism can be easily turned toward the negotiation of wage reductions instead of increases (as often happened in the inter-war years). Revolution in a developed industrial nation must be long prepared for, by the actions of capitalists as well as of workers. In the West, only France and Italy seem at present to be very well prepared. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Great Depression—Memory and Documentary

DOCUMENTARY EXPRESSION AND THIRTIES AMERICA. *By William Stott. Oxford University Press. 361 pp. of text. 64 pp. of photographs. $12.50.*

WILLIAM HUGHES

Looking back on the culture of the 1930s, Robert Warshow wrote that "the problem that confronts the American intellectual when he seeks to deal with the mass culture that surrounds him is, in its deeper meaning, the problem of his own past." To Warshow, writing in the late 1940s, the liberal intellectual culture of the New Deal era was so pervasive that "there are many people who have never known any other climate; that is what makes it so difficult to describe what has happened."

That difficulty has continued into the present. Through more than three decades we have perceived the culture of the 1930s largely through the images and opinions of a group of writers whose intellectual consciousness was shaped by the depression experience. The history of the 1930s has been the record of the shifting moods of a generation as it passed from commitment, through disillusionment, to self-proclaimed guilt (or "couch liberalism," as Harold Rosenberg described this phase) in the late 1940s and early 1950s. By then their ruins and monuments lay strewn behind them: the Writers' Congresses, the Popular Front, the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the passage to Hollywood, the blacklists—all the trials and accusations and betrayals.

During the 1960s, however, there were signs that a new mood was emerging, that many of the men and women of the 1930s were beginning to come to terms with their experience in a new way. This emergent view of the depression experience (revealed in so many recent memoirs and reminiscences by spokesmen of that generation) seems to acknowledge, belatedly, that the great doctrinaire issues of that formative decade had become irrelevant. Perhaps they always were.

The new mood was reflective, almost remorseful, in its tone, suggesting that something of value for the present had somehow become obscured in the polemics of the era and the bitterness that followed. Typically, Leslie Fiedler was among the first to respond to this shifting current. In "The Two Memories: Reflections on Writers and Writing in the Thirties," Fiedler confessed his need to re-examine a past "which, to tell the truth, we never quite understood when we were living it—a re-examination out of a sense that unless we understand the past now, the past of the Thirties, we will not come to understand the present or our own surviving selves in the present."

Such awareness on the part of the generation of the 1930s is a necessary precondition to reshaping our view of America's depression culture. Equally important, however, is the coming of age of a new generation of scholars whose attitudes have been shaped less by depression than by more recent national traumas. In the late 1950s Edmund Wilson noted "how difficult it is for those who were born too late to have memories of the depression to believe that it really occurred." What Wilson didn't anticipate was that, lacking those memories, those persons might be free to take a fresh look at that period when the struggles of the 1960s and 1970s finally made them conscious of the social and intellectual ferment of the depression era.

And indeed out of this confluence of the mature consciousness of the 1930s and the concerns of the present is emerging a significant reassessment of the cultural legacy of the depression. Although the old ideological issues occasionally erupt again in the work of some New Left historians, the most imaginative recent work is characterized by the efforts of younger intellectuals, drawing on the reflections of an earlier generation, to bring into our field of vision the full range of cultural responses to the depression. Looking beyond the actions and opinions of the leading political partisans, these scholars are less concerned with historical rhetoric about social classes and special interests than with individual expression, more interested in community than faction. They are more likely to judge their subjects by their creativity than by their politics. More than their predecessors, these writers are attuned to a broad spectrum of cultural expression, so their sources include movies, photojournalism, philosophy, and social science writing of the period, as well as the familiar proletarian novels, pamphlets, legislative annals. As history gradually supplants memory and passion in shaping our understanding of the past, America's depression culture comes to appear richer and more varied than we had realized.

To date, the finest expression of this new vision of the 1930s is William Stott's *Documentary Expression and Thirties America.* Stott proceeds from a simple but comprehensive premise—that "a documentary motive was at work throughout the culture of the time." This guiding impulse, according to the author, found expression in such varied forms as social science writing, the federal arts projects, modern dance, literature, drama, photography, the mass media, even advertising.

The notion that documentary expression constituted the central motif of the decade's culture was anticipated by Alfred Kazin in his classic, *On Native Grounds.* Kazin placed special emphasis on descriptive journalism, the new documentary book (which combined commentary and photography), and the renewed interest in American history. Stott looks beyond these forms, which he says "typify the genre, but do not exhaust it." Working with a wider range of sources, Stott diverges from Kazin in several particulars. Although both authors see the camera as the basic symbol of the age, Kazin believed this instrument produced "endless fractions of reality," while Stott perceives "very much *one* reality, one vision of life" behind these fractions. Kazin maintained that the camera was responsible for "a certain simplicity and passivity of mind" in documentary. Stott, on the other hand, explores the engagement with photography of some of the finest imaginations of the period.

The subject matter of documentary in the 1930s was America in depression. That is what gives this material its unique historical value. But, given the sentiments and objectives of most workers in the documentary mode, some aspects of national life were "more America" than others. What emerges

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from the documentary record is the America of the poor, the unemployed, the vagrant and the migrant. It is a measure of their desperation that the subjects of those studies, fiercely private people normally, were so willing to open their lives to those strangers with their cameras and notebooks. It was as if they understood that documentary existed to give the inarticulate a voice. (In that sense, as Stott notes, documentary anticipated a recent trend in historical writing.)

Invariably, documentary journalists and photographers idealized the poor. "Never are they vicious, never depraved, never responsible for their misery." Stott's evidence suggests that this tone was intentional, achieved by careful selection of subjects and themes. There was occasional resort to deception to achieve the desired effect, but cynical manipulation of materials and subjects was not typical of the documentary method. In Stott's judgment, "most documentary photos of the thirties were not intentionally deceptive . . . but all prejudiced their evidence in selecting it."

Tracing the development of documentary, Stott maintains that it was essentially an American phenomenon. He admits to a few foreign influences—"the worker, the peasantry (or 'folk'), and the land were the key themes of Russian and German expression at the time" —but cautions that they should not be exaggerated. American artists were interested in American realities, not in European abstractions.

Stott's argument concludes with an elaborate exploration of the connection between documentary method and the depression. According to the author, the documentarians were driven by their desire to make the depression *visible*. Citing Caroline Bird's observation that "you could feel the depression, but you could not look out the window and see it," Stott asserts that the Hoover administration, the business community, and especially the communications media tried to ignore or minimize prevailing conditions in order to restore public confidence. In the absence of facts and candor, however, skeptical Americans rejected both ideology and happy promises. "More than ever they became worshippers of the cult of experience and believed just what they saw, touched, handled, and—the crucial word—felt." Documentary met these needs.

The centrality of documentary in the cultural life of the depression can be seen in the New Deal's extensive use of such techniques, both to gather data (as in the case of the Farm Security Administration's photography project) and to communicate its programs (as in the case of the film documentaries made by Pare Lorentz for the U.S. Film Service). Such programs, Stott believes, helped to change America's view of itself. In the surviving documentary record we can discover a distinctive vision of Americans in a time of social upheaval, searching for the verities of their lives, trying to get hold of the texture of America.

THE WILDFIRE

Take this flame in your hands.
Yes, it will sear.
Shape it until it stands
cool as a spire.

Turn it. Study the flaws.
Blow from heart's heat
new, spiculate fire. Cause
the wounds to shut.

Then, as your hurts abate,
let the skin tauten.
Needle the blebs—and wait.
Your scars will whiten.

Alexander Laing

Stott's argument is thoughtfully constructed, carefully documented, and precisely stated. If anything, his conceptualization of the subject is almost too neat, suggesting that inconvenient facts and viewpoints may have been set aside a little too readily. A case in point is the author's tendency to minimize foreign influences on documentary forms of expression. Stott gives the impression that modern photojournalism, for example, was a uniquely American phenomenon. But before this genre matured in the United States, German photographers were using new equipment, available first in Germany, to extend the techniques and subjects of photography. And editors, responding to these advances, developed new layout formats for Germany's popular illustrated magazines. There is good evidence that American publishers and photographers followed these developments with great interest during the late 1920s and early 1930s. The German influence grew stronger when Hitler came to power, and many of the German editors and photographers fled to France, Switzerland, England and the United States. From this international perspective, Dorothea Lange, Margaret Bourke-White and other American photographers of the depression were not pioneers but a second generation of photojournalists.

This tendency to understate foreign influences on American documentary may account for the author's decision to ignore the documentary film, a form of expression which is, inescapably, an international phenomenon. Stott's explanation for this decision is that documentary film has received full treatment in other studies. He is neither consistent nor convincing on this point, particularly since his own definition of documentary derives from that of John Grierson, the great film maker of Britain and Canada. Moreover, it is in films like *The River, Power and the Land* and *People of the Cumberland* that we find the classic expression of the documentary motive, which is so pivotal in Stott's treatment of his subject. And contrary to Stott's position on this matter, published studies of the documentary film have generally overlooked a number of interesting and important film-making ventures of the period. (One example is The Workers' Film and Photo League, which produced a series of "Workers' Newsreels.")

These sources might have provided Stott with a sense of the sociology of documentary. As it is, Stott's account treats documentary as an idea or a motive, never explaining how that idea took root and spread—except as a kind of spontaneous response to depression conditions. But the evidence of documentary film history suggests that documentary was a movement as well as an idea. Behind the abstract definitions of the genre it is possible to perceive an informal network of personal connections and shared objectives that helps account for the pervasiveness of the documentary idea.

Still, Stott's treatment of his topic generally provides useful new perspectives on American intellectual and social history. His description of the WPA's American Guide Series and his study of the FSA photographs open up for us an extremely valuable cache of sources often ignored by historians.

Transcending the relative merits of his argument, or the scope of his investigation, or even the originality of his sources, is Stott's concentrated analysis of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, James Agee's and Walker Evans' unique document of Southern tenant farm life. Moved by the intensity of Agee's sympathy for his subjects, and the austere dignity of Evans' photographic record, Stott draws on all his scholarly resources to reveal how the same moral impulse that infused the more conventional forms of documentary expression could also inspire this eccentric masterpiece.

For Stott, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* "epitomizes the rhetoric in which it was made, and explodes, surpasses it, shows it up." Agee and Evans, each in

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his own way, broke the prevailing documentary mold. Agee refused to turn his text into a tract for liberal reform. That, and his marvelous rhetorical experiments, constituted a major deviation from the conventions of contemporary documentary journalism. As Stott notes, Agee's reportage was "not radical, nor even reformist, nor even socially constructive." The tone is sometimes tragic, sometimes elegiac, often angry, but never programmatic. It is less a study of economic and social realities than an exploration of human consciousness.

Never completely satisfied with his attempts to convey as directly as possible the quality of the lives of the Gudger and Ricketts and Woods families, Agee seemed compelled to place himself, or rather his relation with his subjects, at the heart of his narration. "Agee used the reality of his relation with the tenants to prove *their* reality . . . as humans. And he proved the relation's reality by laying bare his side of it." The constant shifts of style and feeling in Agee's text reflect his anguished efforts to achieve an artistic design that realized "the common humanity of tenant, journalist, and reader."

In contrast to Agee's frenetic labors, the photographs by Walker Evans are the very model of certitude and clarity. His style, temperament and technique are always in harmony with his subject. Equally important, his visual achievement perfectly counterpoints Agee's verbal experimentation.

Evans preferred revelation to exposé, the transcendent to the transitory. His straightforward technique allows his subjects their essential dignity. They are not simply cases, or victims whose plight should be dramatized or sentimentalized by catching them in an unguarded moment of misery. As Stott says:

> The people in these pictures stand before us vivid with ambiguity and secret meaning; coolly eye us, as people do at first acquaintance; and are plainly difficult to get to know. As with real people, we have to work at knowing them, commit ourselves to a kind of relationship over time.

In a sense, all historical study is an effort to establish "a kind of relationship over time." Stott's commitment to that humane purpose pervades his study of documentary and the depression experience. Approaching his subject with an innocent eye and rare sympathy for the values of another generation, he manages to bridge the gap between past and present. To achieve this he had to overcome an inherent flaw in his sources. The problem, as Robert Warshow noted twenty-five years ago, is that "the most important effect of the intellectual life of the 30s and the culture that grew out of it has been to distort and eventually destroy the emotional and moral content of experience, putting in its place a system of 'conventionalized responses.' "

What Stott has done, particularly by means of his analysis of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,* is to work his way through the conventions of documentary expression back to the heart of the moving impulses of the decade. It is a period that Stott, born in 1940, could know only through its relics. In coming to terms with the 1930s he has both sharpened and energized his own values, while restoring to the rest of us a vital source of moral and social vision. □

'The Colonel's Men Killed Plarr'

THE HONORARY CONSUL. *By Graham Greene. Simon & Schuster. 315 pp. $7.95.*

DOROTHY M. BRYANT

When Graham Greene gives us a new novel, reviewers often feel obliged to review the master's career, his Catholicism, or his place in modern literature. The book itself gets lost and is not allowed to do the work of fiction: the deeper illumination of the meaning behind the events of our lives. That is a pity, for *The Honorary Consul* shines its light on that most current of events: the political kidnapping.

It is a botched job from the start. Instead of the British Ambassador, Paraguayan rebels bag Charley Fortnum, an alcoholic nonentity who keeps his title only so long as he is overlooked by the British Government, and for whom no one would pay ransom (in this case the release of political prisoners). In the end Charley is rescued, and three men involved in the kidnapping die. "When death is on the tongue, the live man speaks," says one of them. And when they speak, these three men tell us a great deal about where we are now.

The author of the above quotation is Aquino, who used to be a novelist but now writes poetry in order to use words briefly and sharply, "as the eagle strikes." Besides, he has lost two fingers to military torturers, and the sheer physical difficulty of writing leads him to shorter forms. When not quoting lines of his own poetry, Aquino is declaring that Charley must be shot. "*They* have reduced us to this."

We know who "they" are: the police, the military, the dictators and the business interests who support them. But we must extend Aquino's "they" to include all beneficiaries of this oppression. Hence, the American, innocently drinking a cup of coffee or eating a banana as he reads the book, may begin to squirm. Admitting his culpability, the reader cannot even argue that Aquino should not let himself be shaped by his oppressors. For Aquino has only to hold up his three-fingered hand. One does not judge a man who has suffered torture.

And is Aquino's statement applicable to our own, real-life political kidnapping? Is the SLA what we made it? Of course it is. Nothing comes out of a society that is not created by it. We may object that the SLA was not "reduced to this," that other types of protest are still possible here. But even if we believe that the Hearst kidnapping was a romantic imitation of South American guerrilla

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What about violence in movies and books? Do you ignore it, deplore it, sometimes enjoy it?

This scrutiny of literature from the *Odyssey* to *Catch-22* and films from *Animal Crackers* to *Straw Dogs* explains why we are ambivalent about portrayals of violence and how we can respond to them coolly, critically and candidly. "A much-needed, penetrating and illuminating discussion of a pervasive modern phenomenon."—*Ashley Montagu*

VIOLENCE IN THE ARTS

by JOHN FRASER $5.95

Cambridge University Press

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acts, inappropriate to our time and place, we must admit that it is nevertheless an imitation of acts for which our government, our business interests bear responsibility. It is the unjust, undeclared war brought home again.

Father Leon Rivas is a more complicated man than Aquino. Rivas has left his Church for the usual reason, disillusionment with the institution which offers salvation but serves the oppressors. Father Rivas is a terrorist because he is a good priest, torn from his Church because he wants to live its doctrines, torn from his God because he cannot bow to cruelty. Father Rivas is interesting, not just because of his rebellion but because of his continuing change. He has not simply lost his god, but is struggling to give birth to a new one, a God who is to be born of its and man's good and evil, striving to become good, to wither away its dark side, a God whose evolutionary struggle inspires not awe but pity in Rivas. And although Rivas agrees with Aquino that Charley must be shot, he says that if he kills Charley, "I slow down evolution." Rivas' new God may just be an embryo in his mind, but is already strong enough to save him. Dying of wounds from police bullets, he says, "I'm safe now, I couldn't hurt a mouse." Charley is alive, and Rivas has not slowed down evolution.

Rivas' illuminative value to us lies, not in his particular formulation of a new god but in the way he exemplifies the necessity to create one, to have a truly cosmic, evolutionary view beyond the short-term goal of an adequate material life. Nineteenth-century atheism may have killed off the old god, but it could not remove the human instinct of worship. Even many atheists who substituted socialism for the old god and could project it as a goal to be achieved beyond their life span, ran out of energy (a state they call disillusionment) because their new god was still too material, too easily encompassed or envisioned at the present level of human consciousness to be worth living and dying for. If we are to understand the periodic exhaustion of the Left, or its defectors to the SLA and the Maharaj Ji, we should study those sections of the book where Father Rivas confronts his spiritual agony. Refusal to admit the need for a cosmic evolutionary faith leads not only to Hitler, the Gulag Archipelago, letter bombs and kidnappings, but also to kissing the feet of a chubby teen-age guru.

The reader with rudimentary self-awareness, however, probably sees himself most in the last of the three men "with death on the tongue," and the first of them to die, the 30-year-old Eduardo Plarr. Dr. Plarr's relation to the kidnapping is ambiguous and ambivalent. Father Rivas is his boyhood friend, but he is on good terms with Colonel Perez. He sleeps with Charley's ex-prostitute wife and has fathered the child she expects, but he likes Charley and wants to save his life. He practices medicine among the poor out of love for the English father who left him at 14, a political exile whose fervor he admires but does not share. Plarr's life is a tangle of good and bad acts, kindness and betrayal, commitment and indifference.

For Plarr there is no God, but only a strange world where men worship a strange trinity of words: *machismo*, love, fatherhood. Words. *Machismo* is the word that makes Aquino insist on Charley's death, "so that no one will say we failed." Love is the blackmail word Plarr's mother uses when she demands attention, pity and cream cakes. Fatherhood is the core of Charley's plea for his life, even after he knows his wife's child will not be his. Aquino mourns his separation from the bourgeois father whom he saw "only through the bars" of his playpen. Of course, Father Rivas has lost his Father in Heaven. To Plarr, fatherhood is the most mysterious of the trinity of words. When he thinks of the child he has started he can only pity him the weight of his heritage, "a cane-cutter in Tucuman and an old English liberal . . . a father who was a provincial doctor, a mother from a brothel . . . there was no end to the tangle which must constrict the tiny form like the swaddling bandages with which in old days they used to bind the limbs of a newborn child."

As most of us will, Plarr dies before he reaches much more knowledge of himself or understanding of others, but at least he dies reunited with his friend Rivas, both shot by the colonel's men. Plarr's funeral is presided over by the colonel who killed him, his mother finally gets all the attention she craves, and the eulogy is delivered by a pretentious third-rate writer of novels of *machismo*. The official version of his death: Plarr was killed by Rivas while attempting to rescue Charley, but the colonels have avenged his death and restored law and order.

The traditionally hated name of Hearst becomes transformed into a synonym for agonized parenthood. A legislative committee calls for more surveillance of Left political groups. And the facts, the precious facts, of domestic corruption and international exploitation are crowded off the pages of our newspapers by sensationalized speculation about the misfortune of one woman.

Someone has said, "If the SLA did not exist, the FBI would have had to invent it." Perhaps it did. But even more frightening than that possibility is the talent oppressors have for turning everything to their own advantage. The Big Lie seems able to swallow, digest and thrive on all things.

Except the truth. It remains unchanged. Charley repeats quietly, "The colonel's men killed Plarr," though, of course, no one listens to Charley. Still, whatever hope Greene offers us lies, not in the final scene where Charley and his wife mourn Plarr's death, but in Charley's simple insistence that the truth still exists, despite what the colonels say. It can be hidden but not destroyed. The truth is the truth.

It may even be that eternal thing worth worshipping. And fed enough of it, the Big Lie may finally choke. □

What Happened to 'La Sociale'

THE PARIS COMMUNE: 1871. *By Stewart Edwards. Quadrangle Books. 417 pp. $12.50.*

LESTER WILSON

In the introductory sentences of the preface, Stewart Edwards admits that his history of the Paris Commune will not be an objective one, although he hopes the reader will find his account accurate. "Objectivity," he continues, "is not to be expected of mortals writing their own story, the history of the events that have constructed the world we live in." However, the reader may wonder why "accuracy" does not in some way suggest "objectivity," and why the historian should neglect such a time-honored responsibility. In any event, *The Paris Commune* is a thorough, albeit sympathetic, history of the tragic weeks of March-May 1871. Unfortunately, the author's style does not make for easy reading, nor does it meet the demands imposed by such dramatic events.

A century has gone by, but the Commune remains a symbol of the bitter

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class hatred that threatened bourgeois stability in pre-World War I Europe. The massacres and atrocities that punctuated the final battle of the barricades for control of the streets of Paris left an atmosphere of recrimination and retribution that envenomed class relations for decades thereafter. Edwards finds the Communards far less vindictive than their opponents: "The Commune," he says, "never carried out its threats to take reprisals until the last week when six of the hostages [including the Archbishop of Paris] were ordered to be shot, and sixty or so more were executed without any official authorization. The Government, on the other hand, was incontestably more bloodthirsty."

> Far more had died during the last week in May than in any of the battles during the Franco-Prussian war, than in any of the previous "massacres" in French history. Neither the Terror of the French Revolution, which accounted for 2,647 in Paris and up to 17,000 throughout France during the eighteen months from March 1793 to July 1794, nor the White Terror that followed the Restoration in 1815, caused as many deaths. There is no exact figure, but something in the order of 25,000 Parisians were killed, compared to the Versailles losses in battle of 877 dead and 6,454 wounded.

As soon as governmental authority was restored in Paris, the fear and animosity of the bourgeoisie gave way to a new reign of terror, in which thousands of suspected Communards were denounced, condemned, shot, or deported.

Edwards frequently refers to the "festive" air which to him was so characteristic of the Commune. The Communards were caught up in euphoria; they were convinced that new *journées* were being written into history. All the traditional revolutionary and emotion-laden events were there for everyone to enjoy—military parades, well-publicized deputations to the Hôtel de Ville, the spectacular razing of the Vendôme Column, free public concerts—and Paris seemed given over to festivity. The surreal had triumphed, but not for long. Those who were at the last Tuileries concerts could hear the distant thunder of cannon fire. As the final concert was in progress, on May 21, government troops were entering Paris. For Edwards, the Commune was "playing its own requiem."

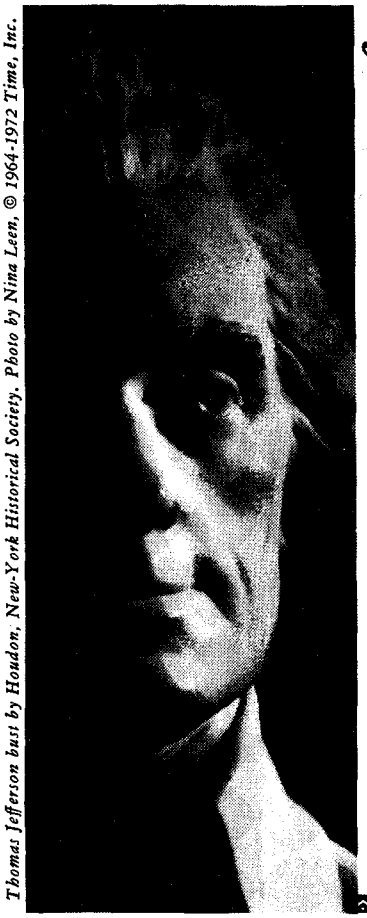
A partisan observer, Edwards has no illusions about the Commune's chances of success. "In a sense," he argues, the Communards were "lucky to have got as far as they did." Government forces, however, in spite of incompetence at all levels, found their opponents even more inept. Without opposition, they entered through the undefended Point-du-Jour gate (it had been demolished by cannon bombardment), and cautiously moved forward. The tocsin announced the invaders, barricades appeared everywhere, and public buildings were set ablaze. All to no purpose, as the Communards were without a general plan of defense. The inevitable happened—the barricades were outflanked. In a final gesture of heroism and futility, the Communards abandoned the general defense of their city and retired to die on the barricades of their own *quartiers*.

In the last chapter, "Epilogue," Edwards attempts to place the Commune in its historical context. He is most persuasive in arguing that the Commune was firmly embedded in the revolutionary traditions of the past. It was, he says, "the last eruption of an otherwise extinct volcano." Edwards is also convincing when he describes contemporary reactions to the events in Paris. The Communard defeat, accompanied as it was by a wave of repression, inspired bourgeois France with a sense of common cause, and led to a new attempt at republican government:

> Faced by the threat of the Commune, of a working-class government, the French bourgeoisie forgot the political differences that for the past half century had divided Legitimists and Orleanists, Bonapartists from Republicans. This temporary junction lasted sufficiently to give birth to the Third Republic and to the establishment of parliamentary democracy in France.

European Socialists quickly turned the heroic last week of the Commune into a legend—one which would be useful in the struggle with capitalist society, and which proved effective in welding together the membership of the Socialist parties.

Edwards' final assessment seems contradictory. The Commune, he concludes, "was not just one stage in a gradual social progress." Rather, it represents an abrupt transition into a new era. Truly revolutionary in nature, the events of March-May 1871, defy analysis within the traditional historical continuum. However, the reader remains unpersuaded, and would subscribe more readily to Edwards' earlier interpretations. This tragic story, fundamentally, is illustrative of the ties between present and past. It underscores the inability of 19th-century France to surmount problems left unsolved by the Revolution of 1789. □



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The Great Man Beatified

ALFRED STIEGLITZ: An American Seer. *By Dorothy Norman. Random House. 291 pp. $35.*

PETER JOSEPH

Alfred Stieglitz was one of those turn-of-the-century Americans who, primed with creative juices and marked by a willingness to dare uncharted oceans, left their mark on history. But Stieglitz stands out, for he left his mark not once but twice over.

First, because he was a photographer of transcendent excellence. His photographs advanced photography from its place as a reproducer of utilitarian documents, romanticized likenesses of celebrities, and half-baked imitations of paintings to the status of a legitimate art form. Under his influence, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in 1928, first acquired and hung photographs in its hallowed halls, thus legitimizing photography as a fine art. The prints, of course, were by Stieglitz; the occasion, a tribute to Stieglitz, but more, to photography. He had founded the Photo-Secession, had edited *Camera Notes* and *Camera Work,* and had exhibited the work of both promising and proven photographers in his "laboratory centers": 291, The Intimate Gallery, and An American Place. His pre-eminence as a photographer went hand in hand with his unselfish work in behalf of photography as an art form and of photographers as colleagues and artists.

The second mark that Stieglitz left on history was the effect of his peculiar role as pauper-patron of the modernistic movement in art. His unstinting enthusiasm for what was new, and his remarkable selflessness in encouraging and promoting struggling artists in his "laboratory centers" earned him this dedication in Sherwood Anderson's *A Story Teller's Story*: "To Alfred Stieglitz, who has been more than father to so many puzzled, wistful children of the arts in this big, noisy, growing and groping America." Stieglitz himself saw little need to grope; he knew what he was about, whether it was a question of exhibiting the work of an artist who badly needed recognition (and money to support himself), of planning the first one-man show of Henri Rousseau's work at 291, or the exhibition a year earlier that introduced America to the original lithographs of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, or of himself, seriously ill, venturing out into a snowstorm to capture the nuances of "Icy Night" in New York in the 1890s. He educated this country in the *avant-garde* in art European and American, introducing such artists as Matisse, Cézanne, Rodin, Picasso, Lachaise, De Zayas, Duchamp and Picabia. It was hardly surprising that Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas made a beeline for An American Place on their celebrated trip to the United States in the 1930s.

In *Alfred Stieglitz: An American Seer,* described as a "professional biography," Dorothy Norman concerns herself with both of these Stieglitzes: the brilliant photographer and the patron of the *avant-garde,* but unfortunately the reader's image of the two is not clear. The term "professional biography" itself raises questions. For example, is one's personal history really separable from one's professional accomplishments? The value of biography is that it may help the reader gain an understanding of the admixture of the two, affording some insight into that complex internal mechanism that explains the subject's personal and artistic life. While Dorothy Norman tells the reader of Stieglitz's excellence as a photographer, and reproduces many of his photographs, only in two instances does she reveal something of the process that led to his bursts of creativity. And then she attributes them to his "natural affinity for photography," as indicated by his wearing a photograph on his belt at the age of 2 and, some years later, by his expressing curiosity about a darkroom in which a photograph of his family was being developed. While Dorothy Norman does more than adequately *chart* the professional career of Stieglitz, she fails as a biographer in the fuller, more demanding sense of the word.

Even as a record, the worth of this $35 coffee-table tome is lessened by the author's double penchant for hero worship and narcissism. In her words, she played "an integral role" in his professional career, but she is too proud of the fact that she knew Stieglitz well, that she has some connection with the place she is claiming for him in history. The other tendency is equally distracting. Stieglitz *was* a great man, but Norman has beatified him. It is not surprising that the reader tires of hearing of Stieglitz's "mystical qualities," of his "fervent wishes," and of his "refusal to accept compromise and impossibility." This adulatory redundancy is better suited to a child's edition of *The Lives of the Saints* than to a serious biography.

Nevertheless, the work is not undeserving of praise. It boasts nearly four score, beautifully reproduced, full-page photographs by Stieglitz, supplemented by an equal number of snapshot-size photographs (both by and in reference to him) crammed into the margins of the text. But it is sad that, other than what these photographs show us and what the appendixes chronicle for us, we learn very little. The book's pervasive fault is that the text, racing from one fervid declaration to another, tries to force the reader to accept as catechism Dorothy Norman's implied imperative: "Believe me. I know. I was there." It conveys little feeling; it hardly communicates the mood or the atmosphere of those years of Photo-Secession, or later at The Intimate Gallery or An American Place. Norman quotes Stieglitz as having said, "When I make a picture, I make love," but the statement stands out like a swollen thundercloud above the desert of feeling in this book. If Alfred Stieglitz found making love as exciting as Dorothy Norman's account of his life, that act must have been a quite unimpassioned exercise for him. Fortunately, we have his photographs, the progeny of those acts of love, to tell us otherwise. And fortunately we

Peter Joseph is a free-lance writer living in New York.

TALISMAN

A last thread of river slips under the bridge
Out towards the mouth of the harbor,
Where rocks give back rumors of deeper water,
A signal! a white arm waving
From the far edge of sight. What is left here
The fish crows inherit. In the emptied light
I study the structure of a seashell, whorled
Out of its lost beginning, and the seed
Your talisman, final reduction of the flower,
Round, hard, and purposely flawed.

Richard Pevear

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have the words of a grateful John Marin, daring to explain the greatness of Alfred Stieglitz:

> Quite a few years ago . . . there got to be—a place. . . .
>
> The place grew—the place shifted . . . the place was where this man was. . . .
>
> —Shift—is something that cannot be tied—cannot be pigeonholed.
>
> It jumps—it bounds—it glides—it SHIFTS—it must have freedom. . . .
>
> It seems those who do that worth the doing are possessed of good eyes—alive eyes—warm eyes—it seems they radiate a fire within, outward.
>
> The places they inhabit have a light burning—a light seen from near and far by those who need this light—and this light sometimes dim—sometimes brilliant—*never out*—. . . .
>
> To realize such a place—a very intangible place was and is this man's dream. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Francis Ford Coppola intends *The Conversation* to convey a message, but I'm not sure I know exactly what it is. It seems to be that we would all rest a lot more secure in our privacy if more master wiretappers had the responsibility for murder haunting their pasts. If so, the comment might be that (*a*) this state of affairs is unlikely and (*b*) it is far from certain that the run of professional eavesdroppers would be as upset by the intrusion of homicide into their specialized work as was Harry Caul, Mr. Coppola's protagonist. You cannot assume that snoopers in general combine a relish for bugging with a sincere religious aversion to the taking of life.

The Conversation is both timely and evasive. It preaches that electronic stalking is a dirty business, carried out by furtive men who are endowed with great dexterity and a cold indifference to the consequences of their work. True enough, and obviously relevant. But the invasion of privacy that really concerns us today is government and corporate intrusion into the lives of unoffending citizens, for the purpose of gathering political or financial information in defiance of the Bill of Rights. That sort of thing is not an issue here: Caul has been hired to record the conversation of a perhaps adulterous couple, and the only connection with the kind of surveillance that is carried out by agencies of the establishment is the fact that the confidential assistant to the wealthy man who suspects himself a cuckold wears a rather large American flag in his buttonhole. Taping and photographing from ambush is shown to be degrading, whatever the motive, but Coppola has spared himself the need to cope with the views of his mass audience on such matters as "national security" and "innocent people have nothing to fear"; instead, he has set up a blood-spattered situation which everyone can agree is deplorable.

Which is not to say that *The Conversation* is anything short of compelling. In the first place, Gene Hackman creates an ingenious and substantial portrait of what an ace electronic sleuth might well be like. His Harry Caul is a man self-stripped of tangible personality, so obsessed by the lust for secrecy that he walks out on his mistress when, pathetically, she asks a few questions designed to give her the illusion that she knows the man sharing her bed (quite obviously, she would gladly have accepted lies; but Harry won't even concoct facts about himself). He has no possessions, no personal commitments, and his way of relaxing is to lock himself in his room and play a saxophone to the accompaniment of old jazz recordings. He comes alive only when he sits before the console of his synchronized tape decks and sensitively coaxes intelligible speech out of a welter of overlapping sounds. As

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Leroy C. Gould, Andrew L. Walker, Lansing E. Crane, and Charles W. Lidz

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the plot thickens, one recalls the elegant photographic sleuthing of *Blow Up*, and indeed *The Conversation* has much of the hard, bright shine of Antonioni's film.

Harry's weakness is vanity: he takes a catlike delight in being known in the trade as the most inventive technician, the most imaginative schemer, of them all. It is his bad luck, then, that a trade exhibit of surveillance gadgetry brings a number of his colleagues to San Francisco just in the days when, quite unwillingly, he has become disturbed by the content of the wayward wife tapes. He can't resist showing the boys and girls his laboratory and the lid blows off his carefully boxed existence.

The grim humor of the film (there is also the grotesque humor of the bug masters assembled in convention and playing electronic one-upmanship with their latest cute hookups) is that Harry is peculiarly well-equipped to know that there is no defense against some of the tricks of his trade. The picture ends with him sitting in a corner of his apartment, which he has literally reduced to rubble in his futile search for a microphone, and doodling aimlessly into his saxophone.

I have stayed away from the plot of *The Conversation*, partly because it is thought bad form to reveal the secrets of cliff-hangers, and partly because, in the final reels, the picture becomes so elliptical that I'm not certain I could recite the secrets in the right order. Obviously, Harry is flipping a good deal of the time, and I couldn't always tell fact from fancy. However, it's clear enough that once again murder has caught up with him, that what he heard did not mean what he thought it meant, that his beloved technology has now been turned on him and that his sanity, not to say his life, may well be at stake. I came away feeling that, bad as it is to be bugged, it is worse yet to do the bugging. On reflection, I think that *The Conversation* is too special a case for such generalizaton.

In the row behind me at *The Three Musketeers* sat five or six young Japanese and their presence, reminding me that Athos, Porthos, Aramis and d'Artagnan are our equivalent of the cinema samurai, put me in a good humor for the picture. You can make a samurai film in a number of ways—tragic, romantic, edifying, or slapstick—and much the same can be said of the Dumas-derived farrago about Louis XIII's swashbuckling private police. In this Richard Lester version, the story is played for sight gags and pratfalls that follow one another with stupefying rapidity, a sense of moderation never

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having been Mr. Lester's identifying stamp.

The cast, male and female, is dazzlingly handsome, but much too busy with gymnastics to do any acting; Paris and Versailles appear to be old Hollywood sets, touched up with a pastry gun; the Spanish countryside, while austerely beautiful, seems a little parched to represent the land between Paris and the English Channel. I believe that as d'Artagnan, Douglas Fairbanks (Senior), flashed a smile more blinding that that of Michael York, but then I was much younger when Fairbanks was swinging from battlement to boudoir, and York is sufficiently flashing.

In short, I had an excellent, brainless time and look forward to the sequel. This picture ends with the love-hate duel between d'Artagnan and Milady (Faye Dunaway) scarcely begun, but I understand that it was Lester's prudent idea to shoot three hours of film and show it to us ninety minutes now and the balance when he thinks we're ready for more. □

MUSIC

RICHARD DYER

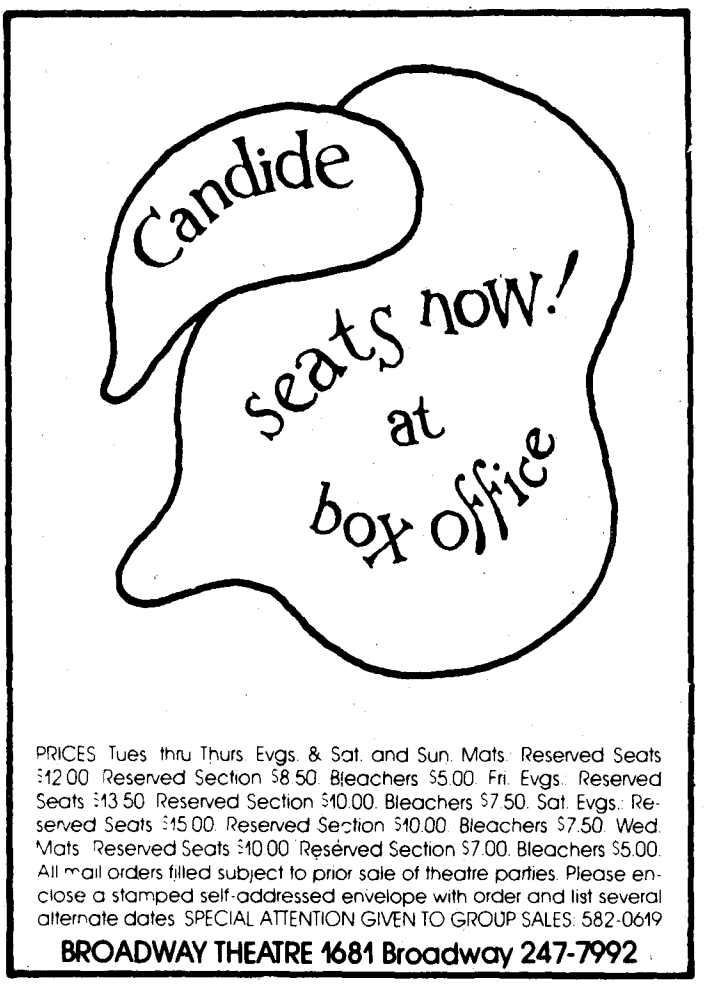
In a famous passage of *Howards End*, Forster describes a row of people listening to Beethoven's Fifth, "the most sublime noise that has ever penetrated into the ear of man." Each listener brings his own demands to the music and in it finds his own satisfactions; Helen Schlegel heard in it all that had happened or could happen in her career.

That sort of intense personal response can still occur when people listen to music, but the sense of community in diversity that Forster was also writing about seems to me missing from most concert- and operagoing today. Certainly I did not feel it at the Metropolitan Opera on two recent nights, despite the sublime noises of Mozart and Wagner, Leontyne Price's return to her vociferating friends and Birgit Nilsson's seasonal goodbye to hers. The performances were greeted with a bewildering mixture of clamant inattentiveness and equally clamant, excessively localized attention; a lot of the audience energy poured into the intermission, the bar, the restaurant, the clothes parade, the languid, leopard-eyed circlings of young men.

But I did feel what Forster was talking about at "Meet the Moderns: American Composers," the concert that Lukas Foss, the Juilliard Quartet and the Brooklyn Philharmonia put together at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on March 30. The crowd was there only because it wanted to be, because it knew it was going to have a good time. There was a winning air of makeshift about it all—some members of the audience were dislodged from their seats to make room for the Philharmonia's chorus in the brief prelude to the concert, a performance of Ives's polytonal setting of the Sixty-Seventh Psalm that did everything diligence can. Later the Juilliard Quartet adjusted its own chairs and stands, and Foss, leading an entr'acte dialogue with Aaron Copland that replaced the intermission, earned laughter as he struggled a folding chair through a hole in the tattering curtain. Afterwards most of the people stayed to drink something like champagne, to talk with the performers, to meet Copland, Elliott Carter and Morton Feldman.

There was nothing makeshift about the performances; they were sure and professional and in every good sense of the word educational. The first big item was Feldman's *The Viola in My Life* (IV), a work for viola and orchestra drawing on the material in the three chamber pieces of the same title that were recorded in CRI SD 276. The composer has said that his impetus is "in terms of the vertical quality, and not what happens in terms of the horizontal scheme"; his talk is full of "weights" and "seepages." Like Feldman's new cello piece (*Cello and Orchestra*) which the Boston Symphony did this year, *The Viola in My Life* is very long, very slow and very soft, setting mostly sustained single pitches of the solo instrument, with their characteristic slight crescendo, against various spare orchestral textures. The sounds are almost motionless and in their duration they become nearly palpable; the soloist, Jesse Levine, and the orchestra made Feldman's crafted causelessness convincing.

Next the Juilliard Quartet took the stage to perform Carter's Third Quartet. At the time of its première last year, *The New York Times* scandalously devoted most of its music space to an account of Fischer-Dieskau's Brahms recital, but careful reviews by Michael Steinberg, Andrew Porter and David Hamilton (in this magazine on February 19, 1973) prepared me for how the piece was going to work. However, none of these gentlemen prepared me for how it sounded—Steinberg just said he couldn't wait to hear it again; Porter



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found it "passionate, lyrical, profoundly exciting"; Hamilton found it "gripping." (Mr. Copland, in his entr'acte chat, said he didn't really understand it; "I don't mean to say it's chaotic, just weird.") Now that I've heard the piece I understand the evasions; I also understand the applicability of all those adjectives and why the personal response was so strong. The piece is certainly *not* assimilable on first or second hearing; it *doesn't* sound like anything else; I *do* want to hear it again. What cannot be evaded is the intelligence and the ferocity of it all, and the communicated intensity of the concentration brought to bear by the members of the Juilliard Quartet.

The rest of the concert was devoted to Copland works that were separated by nearly fifty years. There were New York premières for three short "Homages"—a threnody in memory of Stravinsky, a slow, lyrical canon for flute, viola, violin and cello; another threnody in the same instrumentation, this one in memory of Beatrice Cunningham, a piece in slow, even measure, with parallel solos for each of the instruments, a moving part on nearly every beat; and "Night Thoughts," a piano solo written as a homage to Ives. Foss gave this piece, the most interesting of the three, its first public performance, though it was played by nearly 300 contestants in the last Van Cliburn competition for which it was written. It is again a slow work, mostly chordal, and the technical difficulties are those of voicing and, as Copland wrote, "giving coherence to a free musical form"; the end is an especially lovely series of slow arpeggios, the pedal holding the central, chordal sonorities. *Music for the Theatre*, a jazzy scandal in 1925 at Boston's Symphony Hall, ended the concert with laughs of pleasure and cheers of approval for the performance and of affection for the composer.

There were cheers and affection for the singers at the Metropolitan too, but at *Don Giovanni*, the real occasion for celebration was the return of the Eugene Berman production, restored to us only because finances made the planned new one impossible. A lot of work had been done on the sets and costumes, so they looked better than they did last year; still, it was not enough. That yellow awning affair in the first banquet scene looks pretty tacky now, and the drop in front of which Donna Anna renders "Non mi dir" looks like something borrowed from Hartford or the Philadelphia Grand. Nevertheless the best scenes remain breathtakingly beautiful, and everything about Berman's conception—the fantasy of shape, the brilliant colors offset by strong black geometric lines—is the most convincing response I've ever seen to the dual demand of Mozart's subscript, *dramma giocoso*. Herbert Graf's original movements were distinguished too, but nothing but the broadest outlines remain in Patrick Tavernia's obviously under-rehearsed production.

This Guild Benefit was not really the place to judge the details of James Levine's first Mozart at the Metropolitan, for the orchestra, too, did not sound extensively rehearsed. Levine did not insist on consistency of ornament and appoggiatura in the singing, and countenanced a peculiarly ugly continuo for the recitatives—cello accompanying what sounded like an amplified banjo. Still it was clear that Levine's reading had both wit and weight.

Leontyne Price (Donna Anna), like Caballe, now excels in a single capability—when the music lies high and slow and soft, she sings it better than anybody one has heard; when the singing has to be loud or low or fast, or any combination of these, she is much less secure. Teresa Stratas (Zerlina) was delightful in everything except the sixteenth notes at the end of "Batti, batti"; Teresa Zylis-Gara (Elvira), always correct though only in the second act both limber and fiery. Stuart Burrows sang Ottavio nicely though never with a really free-sounding tone; the Leporello of Walter Berry was, well, *una porcheria tedesca*. Sherrill Milnes, in his first Metropolitan Giovanni, was sexy but never dangerous; his singing, like Berry's, smeary with *portamento*.

The next night I saw the close of the Met's *Ring* cycle, the new production of *Die Götterdämmerung*. The sets are handsome, symbolic affairs based on broken circles, but only intermittently did they serve an effective stage action. Wolfgang Weber made some vivid groupings in the second act, and the Norn scene, which doesn't require movement, was strikingly disposed. But the Rhine maidens had to operate in a kind of swimming hole with a wading annex; and while no one really expected Waltraute to arrive on an air-striding steed, it made no sense for her to emerge from Brünnhilde's bridal cave. Events at the end were a mess: the Gibichung hall made a satisfying collapse after Brünnhilde had been helped from the stage, and the Rhine did rise, but the events in Valhalla had to be taken on trust. Brünnhilde had thrown the torch into the wings on the right, and the flames arose in the left rear.

Raphael Kubelik had some interesting ideas about the score, to which he gave a just pacing, considerable weight, and a lyricism unmarred by dawdling. But the sad fact is that the orchestra simply isn't playing very well for him now—the brasses, in particular, were coarse in tone and slovenly in rhythm.

So one was left with the singers, many of them appalling in the small roles (shrill Rhine maidens and wobbling Norns) and in some of the big ones too (Bengt Rundgren's noiseless Hagen, William Dooley's barking Gunther). Mignon Dunn lacks a sense of tragedy, but made imposing sounds in Waltraute's scene; Nell Rankin, not well cast, nevertheless brought pathos and unexpected spine to some of Gutrune's music; Helge Brilioth, not able to make an overpowering climax, didn't try to, settling for sensitive lyrical singing whenever he could. And I can't really expect Birgit Nilsson to sound so well again—the singing was much more accurately pitched than it has been for several seasons. The attack remains fearless, the tone in the upper reaches splendid (though it is drying out lower down). In the climactic moments, Nilsson still shows us new ways that this music can sound, and elsewhere she gives us as much variety as the prevailingly bright color of her voice can compass.

The Met's *Ring* has been much troubled—there have been four conductors, two stage directors, four Brünnhildes and a lot of unpleasant talk. This *Götterdämmerung* was consequently not a conclusion to much of anything. Perhaps the three full cycles next season will be more coherent. □

DIGGING OUT
(for Jim Tate)

Strange I should think
of you now. It's five below zero
and getting colder.

The streets are filling up.
Mostly old people with
broken hips and ankles,
slowly freezing to death
beneath the languishing moon.

I'll have to dig out
the car in the morning.
Out from under all those
frayed and brittle arms
clutching madly at the windshield.

And I'll
have to drive to work.
Imagine that, Jim, driving
miles out of my way to avoid
the dogs. Hundreds of them.

All, gone wild.
Dragging the bones away.

Alan Soldofsky

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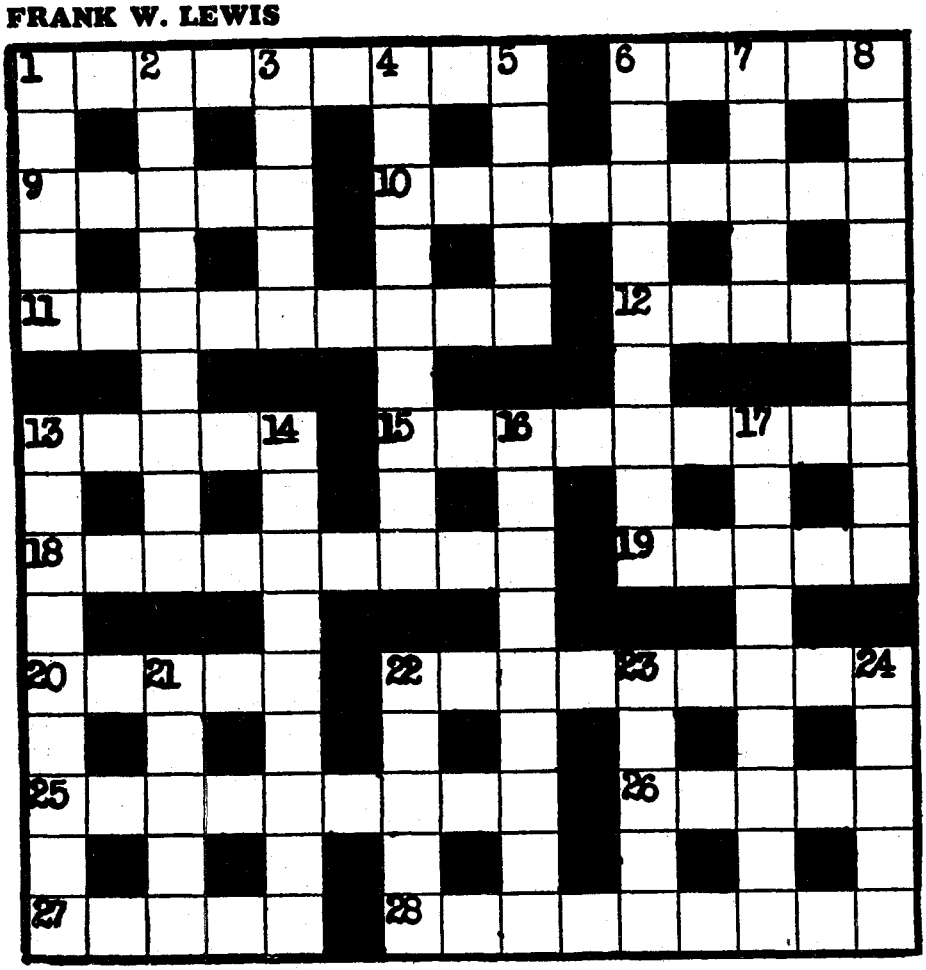

ACROSS

1 and 6 Plenty of room for a church or synagogue? One could get a hand-out like this. (9,5)
9 Travel every direction except east for such garments. (5)
10 It's a match otherwise—one doesn't easily take the air this way. (9)
11 It's man's utter confusion that creates change in form. (9)
12 How Hans might take in the city. (5)
13 Bitter, but one might consider it a sort of brace. (5)
15 Most of the building block and most of the support might be placed about a collection of odds and ends. (9)
18 Referring to midwifery, it isn't a good crib to set here. (9)
19 And this is the way we're supposed to be born! (5)
20 and 4 down Have some ideas about anesthetics? That's what some tell us with parlor tricks. (5,2,1,6)
22 In a manner extolled as holy. (9)
25 Trouble-makers in the laundry? (9)
26 A very small thing, but it's almost a very small person. (5)
27 Is it better to be in front of this ball? (5)
28 Carried away by the novel? (9)

DOWN

1 and 13 down Implying something correct about the features of a turn in the service? (5,5,4)
2 Perhaps Congressmen should be responsible for Sam Walker! (9)
3 Proving sages are responsible for a lot of hot air! (5)
4 See 20 across
5 Took the chair, that is, like the composer of *Parade*. (5)
6 Uncontrolled anger consumed even the self-restrained! (9)
7 Puts up with this. (5)
8 It could be a cinch in a duck—though many of us don't understand such things. (9)
13 See 1 down
14 After which we make a reverse of words for the office? (9)
16 Red's a nice combination—provided your weight hasn't. (9)
17 Herded together. (7,2)
21 Here in France it has the mark of inferiority, though many cooks take pride in it. (5)
22 Bar or cube. (5)
23 Evidently uncle went to college to dance. (5)
24 What do investers hope to be good? Give up? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1534

ACROSS: 1 Active voice; 9 Stamp Act; 10 Carbon; 11 Skirled; 12 Capered; 14 Brassy; 15 Old World; 17 Playmate; 20 Mother; 22 Address; 24 Musette; 26 German; 27 Consoles; 28 Baker Street. DOWN: 2 Camera-shy; 3 Imagery; 5 Orchard; 6 Curie; 7 Stoker; 8 Boreal; 13 and 4 Love-seats; 16 On the nose; 18 Ladled; 19 Absence; 20 Mourner; 21 Entree; 23 Rumba; 25 Aces.

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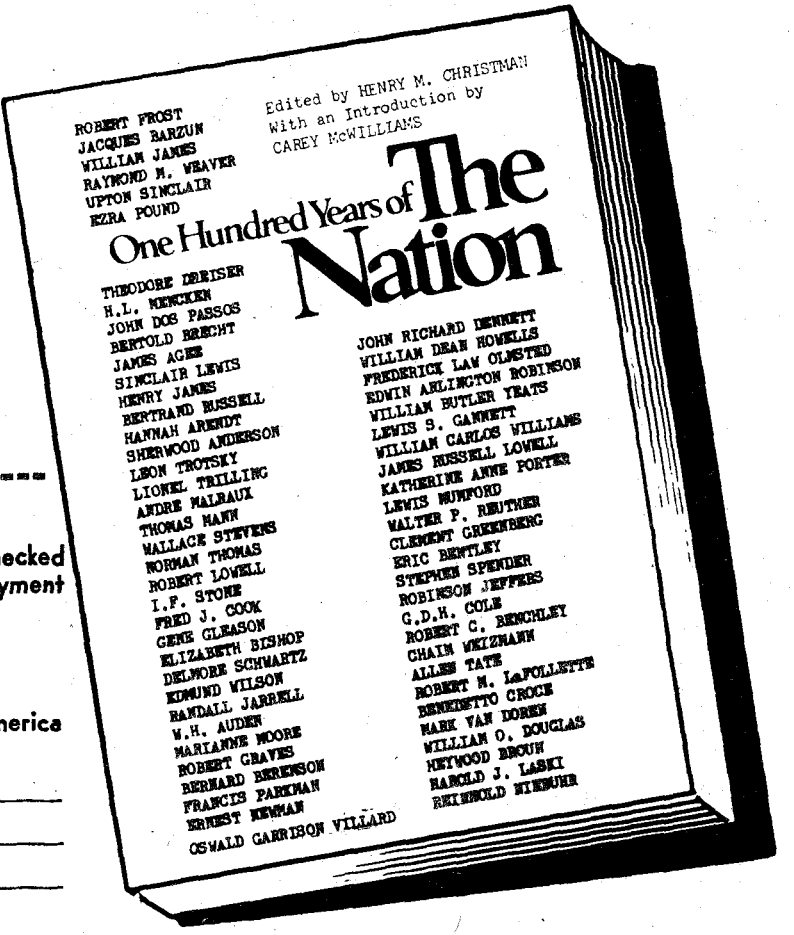

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